
CINTHELIA;

OR,

A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

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A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THEODORE CYPHON, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

Qui est-ce qui trouvera une vaillante Femme?

Car son prix surpasse de beaucoup les perles.

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23

GINTHELLA

OR

A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND

IN FOUR VOLUMES



VOL. I

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PREFACE

THE present work, which is founded upon observations in real life, containing no fiction stretched beyond probability, nor any example of impossible performance, is particularly dedicated to those *who desire to be, or are already married*, as they will therein find a guide amidst the rocks and shoals of matrimony, whom to follow will be, at least, to preserve conscious and heartfelt tranquillity.

Perhaps

Perhaps a few passages may appear rather in too vivid colours: this, did I wish to extenuate as a fault, I could plead the president of Richardson; but as I am not in that opinion, the only apology necessary is to state the reason of their admission; which is—I have observed that more examples of female seduction arise from ignorance than knowledge, and the erroneous idea, that a man, in certain situations, is master of a woman. This ill founded, and mischievous supposition, I have endeavoured to expose, and at the same time to strengthen the maxim of Queen Elizabeth; which was—that, without the *will*, no woman could be conquered.

With the historical facts of the American

rican war I have taken a few liberties, transposing time and place; but as to the incidents themselves, many actually took place: and every war will furnish facts, if possible, more horrid.

I can say I have taken a few liberties
 respecting time and place; but as to
 the incidents themselves, many actually
 took place; and very few will furnish
 facts if possible, more honest
 than the rest of it. I have endeavored
 to avoid all such things as might be
 liable to objection, and with regard
 to the characters, most are carefully
 drawn with reference to the right
 to which a reference is made in some
 of the chapters. I have, however,
 in some cases, a few things which
 I have taken to write in a different
 way than the facts as they really
 happened, and I have given as

CINTHELIA.

CHAP. I.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

WALLER.

CINTHELIA, the daughter of a Tradesman in London, had finished the years allotted by her parents to the acquirement of mental and personal endowments, at a boarding school, situated within twenty miles of the metropolis, when her father, Mr. Hendon, and his partner, Mr. Ranson, arrived in a post chaise, to conduct her to town.

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She was now considered as having passed the period of childhood, when she must enter the common routine of life, and under the eye of her mother attend to, and acquire the useful qualifications for domestic conduct. — All the little games of childhood were to be forsaken; the gay thoughtlessness of a boarding school was to be superseded by the graver airs of maturity, and the peaceful mind of the blooming Cinthelia was now to experience the vicissitudes of life, which tinge with pleasure or sorrow every moment of active existence.

She was not so ignorant of London, as to place any expectation of felicity from residing there; nor did she fear any evil would attend the change: if, indeed, any circumstance lightened her heart beyond its accustomed gaiety, it was the pleasure of going to be with her mother, whose maternal fondness she had often experienced, and whose smiles she longed to receive

receive, as an ample reward for the practice of duty.

It was indeed painful, for a short time, to take leave of friends, with whom she had so long been in the habits of almost sisterly affection; and the tenderness of her heart overflowed the moment she bade adieu to her youthful companions, who regretted her departure, as a loss to their circle of amusement.—Mr. Hendon pressed her to his arms, with the transport of a father, who finds his child improved beyond his expectations; and wiping himself the rising tear from her eye, he endeavoured to lead her mind to the pleasures she might hope to meet with in London: Mr. Ranson, who was of a gay disposition, said a thousand things to amuse, and promised to conduct her himself to half the entertainments the town provides.

Thus mutually contributing to oblige,

Cinthelia soon ceased to regret her departure, and looked forward with satisfaction to the house of her parents, as bounding every wish her heart had been taught to form, and every gratification she was entitled to expect.

Cinthelia, at this period, had entered her nineteenth year; and having been usually a resident in the country, its salubrious air had given a fine bloom to her complexion, and braced her nerves to support the heavy atmosphere of town. She was not so tall as the majestic, nor so short as the pretty, but attained that happy medium, which approaches perfection, and is called beautiful. Her eyes were serenely pleasing, and spoke an even tenure of soul, that acted with consideration, and reflected with wisdom. The accomplishments of a boarding school she had acquired; but the chief trait of her discretion was, that she had received no taint from its vices. Such was Cinthelia

thelia at her entrance into life; ere she had tried or experienced the fallacies of hope, or known the corrosions of disappointment.

Mr. Hendon, her father, was a man of integrity, too much so, indeed, for the world in which he was placed to act; for with him it was a maxim, that every man was honest, until fact proved him the contrary: thus it was that he was often deceived into fallacious dependencies; and thus it was, that though he had begun business on a large capital, it was rather diminished, than increased. He was a man of few passions, and rather wished to glide through the world in quietness, than to obtrude himself on its notice by ostentation and bustle.

On the contrary, his partner was a man, who would venture much upon a chance, and who wished to enjoy life as it passed. While Hendon was employed

in the counting house, he was on some party of pleasure; and if he received a hint, that prudence was necessary in trade, he would reply, with a careless laugh, "Very true; but what signifies such a trifle:—I would not give a fig for the world, if I am to be perpetually moping; and beside we shall never want."

His good-nature ensured him from reproach; and Mr. Hendon could not find in his heart to remonstrate at what seemed merely the effects of a thoughtless disposition, and which he hoped the suggestions of prudence would check, ere it approached to danger. He was even so good-natured, or rather weak, as to deduce a part from his own dividend of profit, that he might add to the felicity of his friend.—This he was more readily lead to, from the consideration, that the stream of wealth, which flowed through both, would finally unite in the persons of their children; for they had early laid the design of a matrimonial alliance, in the
true

true spirit of traders, without conceiving it possible an objection might arise from the parties. This was owing to a carelessness on the one side, and want of passion on the other: but what the heads of arithmeticians could not calculate, Mrs. Hendon easily foresaw. She had, in her own choice, ventured the hazard of parental displeasure; she scarcely read a novel, or saw a play, where the chief scenes of moment were not delineated from the consequences of opposition to natural inclination. These remarks she did not fail to suggest, and that with so much force of truth, that it was agreed to hold the young parties in ignorance of their wishes, and even hazard hints of a contrary tendency.

In this design they had been kept apart, as much as was consistent with the holidays of Cinthelia, and the connections of the family; and from this circumstance probably it was, that they always saw

each other with delight, and counted the moments of separation with a pleasing expectation that they should meet again: but neither of them supposed they felt for the other more than friendship, and formed no wish, in which their nearer union had a part. Too much familiarity is not so apt to give birth to love as many suppose; a constant intercourse wears away the edge of novelty, and lessens the glare of beauty in our eye, which might have, perhaps, kindled the flame of love.—Opposition is the food of this wayward passion, which is an indefinable compound of contrarieties.

Amongst the pleasurable expectations of Cinthelia, on arriving in town, was that of meeting Edward, whom she had not seen for many months, he having been absent on her last visit.

Mrs. Hendon received her daughter with secret approbation and open applause:—

“ My

“ My dear,” said she, after a maternal embrace, “ this last year has given you
“ so much of the dignity of a woman,
“ as sinks the flightiness of girlhood into
“ the modest deportment of maturity,
“ without the formality of more ad-
“ vanced life : but recollect, my love,
“ that you are now in the most dan-
“ gerous and most glorious period of a
“ woman’s existence, when every aid of
“ discretion is necessary to guard the
“ heart from the surprize of specious
“ pretenders, and steer clear, alike, from
“ trifling, or the whispers of malignity
“ and envy.”

“ Indeed, Madam,” cried Mr. Ranson,
“ you begin with too much severity
“ upon your daughter—you must trust
“ her a little to my discretion. Too
“ much controul is only the way to
“ teach children to throw aside all re-
“ straint ; and, ’pon my honor, I think,
“ instead of shutting up a girl (for in-
“ stance)

“ stance) from her gallant, I should in-
“ vite him to the house, as the only
“ certain way of keeping her there.—
“ Ayn’t I right, Miss Hendon?”

“ You must excuse me,” said Cinthe-
lia smiling; “ of such a situation I am
“ unqualified to judge: but I think it
“ must be a very severe species of con-
“ finement, and almost beyond what a
“ parent could inflict, that could influ-
“ ence a woman of virtue to take a step
“ that must for ever sink her from the
“ level of her sex.”

“ O, but love,” cried Ranson, with
an arch look; “ love is a blind god, and
“ can’t see far in the road of life!”

“ And where, then, is prudence,” re-
plied Cinthelia, “ where is discretion,
“ when a woman commits her conduct
“ to a guide so ill able to lead her right?”

The

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Edward, who hastened to pay his respects to Cinthelia—A mutual satisfaction glanced from their eyes, and the cheeks of the fair maid glowed with a tint more vivid than usual, when Edward, in the style of ancient hospitality, claimed the privilege of a salute.

She observed with pleasure that he was still the same, though improved by his commerce with the world, which had taken off the manners of a boy, and graced him with the actions of a man.—On his part, he beheld her with a sensation of kindling delight, as her perfections arose superior to what he had formed of her in idea, and sanctioned a more tender thought he had indulged at a distance.—In place of a little bad French, a little music, with a vast stock of vanity and pride, he found her now an amiable and modest young woman, whose qualities,

ties only appeared when drawn into action, and whose unassuming manner arose not from awkward diffidence, but the dictates of wisdom.

If such, thought he, were the qualities usually acquired at a boarding school, who would not send their daughters there; but if the superior mind of Cinthelia was what alone elevated her above the follies of the place, how much more is she worthy of praise.

Edward resided as head clerk at the house of Mr. Brianton, who, though a Quaker, was not a monopolist of corn, but a banker.—With his daughter Patience, Cinthelia had formerly contracted a friendship, which she now hoped to renew; and one of the first inquiries she made of Edward was concerning her health: but the warmth with which he returned the reply, and the praises he bestowed

bestowed upon her, excited a suspicion, that he beheld those perfections with a partiality more than common.

She had laid it down in her own mind, as a maxim, that no woman ought to give love a place in her heart, until certain the object of her choice would return it; and that she might not herself deviate from this maxim of prudence, she determined to consider Edward merely as a friend, till satisfied of his situation in Mr. Brianton's family.

The tea was scarcely over, when they were interrupted by the driving up of a carriage, and the entrance of Miss Louisa Mobile, who, having heard that her former school acquaintance was arrived, could not forbear exhibiting the new appendage of consequence her father's wealth had procured.

She was one of those young ladies,
who

who imagine, and not without some justice, that wealth is the only thing valuable, and that pride and extravagance are emblems of high breeding. She had scarcely, therefore, expressed her satisfaction at the return of her friend, before she began to entertain her with the conveniences of a carriage:—"But, my dear creature," said she, "only think how odious; when every thing was finished quite in the go, those herald men would not allow Pa any other than three carrots and a red herring!"

"How so?" cried Ranfon: "how did your father make good his title to the red herring?"—"Why they asked him, What was the greatest action of his life? If he had been in a battle, or sailed round the world to catch butterflies?—And so he told them about the herring speculation, you know.—I declare I hate the name of a herring ever since."

A loud

A loud laugh from Ranson disconcerted Louisa; and, quitting the subject of the carriage, she began to entertain her friend with a description of the various dresses, and the numerous embellishments made in their house, concluding with pressing Cinthelia to call the next day, that she might admire the good things procurable by riches.

At near eight o'clock she was rising to depart, when her brother Henry was introduced: he entered the room in a great coat and blue pantaloons, though the weather was extremely warm, and, without ceremony, stalked up to his sister and Cinthelia, twirling a small whip.

“ ‘Pon my soul,” said he to Cinthelia, mincing his words, “you have improved,
“ madam.—What a divine creature!—
“ Do you love riding?”—“ Sometimes,” said she, astonished at behaviour to her so new.—“ That’s enough,” said he;
“ you

“ you shall take the air with me. I’ve
“ a gig quite in style, and a nice little
“ tit, goes twelve mile an hour, as
“ smooth as ice—You shall go to Rich-
“ mond. (Then lowering his voice).
“ What a quiz Ned’s grown: he used
“ to have some spirit; but devil take
“ me if that quaker has not made him
“ quite a flat!”

“ He’s only conforming to the hu-
“ mours of the family,” said Louisa;
“ and I do think, now, him and Patience
“ will make a *monfus* neat match—and
“ the old fellow will come down hand-
“ somely.”

“ And that I believe’s a necessary
“ article, as things go,” whispered
Harry. — “ But I shall insist on your
“ going to Richmond, my dear crea-
“ ture: and so I must bid you good
“ bye, for I’m under an engagement to
“ meet Jackey Dolittle; and I *don’t*
“ never

" never break an engagement." So saying he arose, and, with his hands in the pockets of his coat, made a half inclination, and, pronouncing the word servant between his teeth, was strutting out of the room; when Mr. Ranson calling to him—"What," cried he, "is that you, my old boy!—Give us your paw, d—e!" Then, slightly nodding to the rest of the company, he strolled out, leaving Cinthelia astonished at his rudeness.

"Ayn't he a charming fellow?" said his sister; "he's quite the style."—"The style is a little altered, then," said her friend—"For my part, I prefer the old style."

Louisa now, in turn, took leave, having first obtained permission for Cinthelia to visit her next day.—"What a princely fellow old Mobile is!" cried Mr. Ranson, when she had left the room: "he spends

“ spends like a lord—has a house like a
“ palace—and never minds trifles. I
“ should not be surpris’d if he fin’d for
“ sheriff.”

“ Some people are amazingly fortunate,” said Mr. Hendon—“ I remember Mobile when he was an agent’s
“ clerk; but these *contractions* make a
“ man at once, if they succeed—I dare
“ say he’s worth 50,000l.”

“ Speculation! speculation!” returned Ranson; “ it is all speculation! and,
“ had you listened to me, we might
“ have had some pickings ourselves.—
“ Now that contraction for the biscuits,
“ how it turned out, in the hands of
“ ———. D—n it! I believe he’ll
“ clear a fortune by that alone, with his
“ barley flour: but you were afraid of
“ the bonus the ——— wanted; and so
“ we always stand about trifles, and
“ never make a dash with spirit!”

“ In

“ In my opinion,” said Edward, “ it
“ is better to proceed with security;
“ for, though a chance may enrich for
“ life, ’tis more than probable the con-
“ trary occurs: and beside, a man of
“ conscience would not sell barley, and
“ rotten Indian wheat, for seconds;
“ and ——.” “ D—e, Ned, if you an’t
“ quite a boor!” cried his father—“ I
“ see you’ll sneak through life like some-
“ body else, afraid of every trifle.”—

Here the clock striking nine, Ranson
arose; and saying he was engaged to
meet a gentleman on business at the
London Tavern, desired to be excused,
and departed. The conversation then
took a domestic turn; and at an early
hour Cinthelia retired to repose.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of what avail is fortune unenjoy'd ;
 Or what is life, in anxious cares employ'd.

ABOUT eleven o'clock on the following day, an hour when Cinthelia fancied her friend would be ready to receive her, she arrived at the door of Mr. Mobile, whom she expected to find no longer the man of business, but the man of money : he, however, was both ; and, as his concerns branched into variety of directions, his figure was not a little extraordinary.

The front of the ground floor was converted into a sample room, where all kinds of goods were exhibited ; behind which

which were the counting houses : in this range generally existed Mr. Mobile ; and a spectator would not easily have distinguished him from one of his porters.

He was a short figure of a man, with a nose that had been flattened to his face, by some unlucky rencounter with the wall of his wareroom in the dark ; his eyes were dark and penetrating ; his forehead was round and wrinkled ; a grizzle bob, uncontaminated with powder, and a pair of spectacles, finished the outside of a head, which within combined all the chances of 'Change Alley, the fluctuations of commerce, and the deeper science of *speculation* : his clothes were a rusty grey ; and round his middle was a roll of canvas, in form of a bib, which at once preserved his waistcoat, and served to wipe the ink from his fingers, after directing a bale or chest.

Yet this picture of *business* was not without

out pride; he loved profusion in the furniture of his house, and, though himself seldom quitted the ward where he dwelt, he kept a carriage for the accommodation of his son and daughter.

He was busy sorting samples of sugar when Cinthelia was let into the passage; one side of which was glass, and therefore commanded a view of the warehouse, where she could not but smile at the employment of a man who had sufficient to warrant a cessation from labour.

So early in the day he had not laid aside his slippers and red velvet cap; so that he appeared something similar to Robinson Crusoe, sorting the fragments of the wreck.—He advanced to meet Cinthelia with a grin of satisfaction, and twinkling his eyes, as he took off his spectacles, “Here I be still,” said he, “always a toiling and moiling; but, as “I say, somebody must be the better
“ for

“ for it ; and when a man comes to die,
“ ’tis a consolation he has done his en-
“ deavour—But, ’pon my credit, Miss,
“ you look charmingly—My yonker did
“ not praise you for nothing ; he, he, he.”

To this eloquent harangue Cinthelia replied, by enquiring after his health, and if his daughter was within.

“ Aye, aye,” said he, “ as Harry says,
“ one always knows where to find a
“ young lady in the morning ;—but
“ he’s a comical dog, (I ask pardon,
“ Miss) though he’s my son.—Halloo !
“ Louisa, ay’nt you ashamed to be rub-
“ bing your eyes here at eleven o’clock.”

The latter sentence was pronounced in a loud tone, and summoned Louisa to the head of the stairs, to know why she was called.

“ Come down ! I say,” cried her father, “ and receive your friend here, as
“ you

“ you ought, and make her as welcome
“ as if she was your own sister.”—Cin-
thelia expressed her thanks at this friend-
ship; and being now delivered over to
the daughter, hastened up stairs, the fa-
ther returning to examine the sugars.

If the bottom of the house had the
appearance of trade, the first floor formed
a striking contrast:—the furniture was of
the newest fashion, and the walls were
embellished with magnificent mirrors and
girandoles.—At the upper end of the
room was a fine organized piano-forte,
on which the young lady received daily
lessons.—Cinthelia was struck with a dis-
play of wealth that surpassed utility; and
she felt, that, so far from giving, it de-
stroyed the ease of confidence.

Her gay friend endeavoured to enter-
tain her with a display of her own finery;
she described the dress she had worn at
the last Easter ball, and thence naturally
glided

glided into a description of that charming gala, where all the city affords of beauty, luxury, and wealth is to be found, and where *nobility and plebeiality* are seen to unite.

Cinthelia, finding it near one, would then have taken leave, but Mr. Mobile, who had joined them to hear his daughter play, would not permit it; and declaring he began to be *peckish*, after some scruples were discussed, sent a message to Mr. Hendon's, with his compliments, and that he had detained her to dinner.

"Did you think to escape so easily?" said the citizen: "let me alone—I know
"that the visits of a young lady are
"more valuable than that comes to; and
"I always love to ensure the time present.—I wish Harry was here, he'd entertain you better than an old fellow
"like me—he's the fort. Pray how
"does Ranson go on?"—"I am really
VOL. I. c "ignorant

“ ignorant,” replied Cinthelia, surprised at the question.—“ I believe he’s a wild
“ one,” continued Mobile, “ minds very
“ little business, and a great deal of
“ pleasure; and, between you and I,
“ Miss, that’s never the way to be a good
“ man.—When I was a lad, and swept
“ out master’s shop, I never went racket-
“ ing to plays and Ranelagh, and
“ squandering as much as I got.”—“ Pa,”
interrupted Louisa; but Mobile was
now *above* pride.—“ Some people be-
“ gin where they ought to end, as I say.
“ Now, when a man is made, he may be
“ a little on the spend; but I always
“ think it’s more honourable to gather
“ than to squander; and I think (look-
“ ing round) my maxim was right.”

“ Certainly,” said Cinthelia, who now
first had an opportunity to speak; “ it re-
“ quires no ability to distribute, but the
“ greatest to acquire; and the man is,
“ assuredly, more honourable, and more
“ worthy

“worthy in society, who raises himself
“to independence by frugality and in-
“dustry, than him who possesses the in-
“heritance of his ancestors.”

“My very sentiments,” cried Mobile,
rubbing his hands.—“Did I not always
“say, Louiy, that a merchant was more
“honourable than a man who trades in
“cutting throats?—Mighty honours,
“indeed; because a fellow’s ancestors
“was famed for running men though
“the body, and because they could set
“fire to villages, and destroy every thing
“on the face of God’s earth, they were
“noble—whew, whew.—But I say no-
“thing:—I only wish I was a young
“fellow, and I should know where to
“look for a wife.”

Cinthelia half coloured at this insinua-
tion, but was relieved by his departure
to change his red cap for his grizzle wig,

that his appearance might do more honour to his guest.

Before dinner they were joined by Harry, who, to the visible satisfaction of his father, paid Cinthelia particular attention:—"You look extremely handsome to-day," whispered he—"Pon my honour, Miss, if ever I do marry, I shall choose a wife like you: but in these times there's no doing without the bit."

"You are very good," she replied, but without returning his compliment.

The dinner was soon after served up, and Louisa inquired of her brother if he had seen Lord Dolittle that morning—"I can't think for my life why you are always there—Did he ask for me?" "Ask for you—ha, ha, ha: No; but he said——but I won't tell you now, because

“ because you would not do what I
“ wanted you yesterday : I’ll remember
“ you for it, as I told you—D—e ! but
“ that Jack Dolittle is a devil of a rake !
“ Him and I——.”

“ Well,” interrupted Louisa impatiently, “ never mind what him and you
“ are ; tell me what he said ? ”

“ No, ’pon honour.”

“ I’ll never forgive you.—Now, Pa,
“ ayn’t it provoking ? ” —“ Come, come,”
joined in Mr. Mobile, “ let’s have it,
“ Harry ? — That Dolittle’s a comical
“ dog, though he does rub a little hard
“ upon us citizens : but what of that ;
“ give us the chink, and let them take
“ the jest.—Well, but now for it ; some-
“ thing about my lord mayor’s feast and
“ the chicken.” —“ You’re out this time,
“ dad. Well, if I must tell,” putting
down his knife and fork, with a look of
importance ;

importance; "but I beg it may go no further, or, 'pon my soul, I shall never be in his confidence again—Why, then, he said—says he—Harry, this is a devilish fine day."

"He, he, he," ejaculated Mobile, with a distorted laugh, which twisted his irregular features into a form so hideously ludicrous, that Cinthelia was fain to impute her own risibility to the *bon mot*, while Louisa had resource to the expedient of biting her lip, that her vexation might not appear.

In this sort of conversation passed the hours of dinner; and Cinthelia, though she saw the empty character of the young man, could not withhold a smile at his witticisms, which pleased merely from their novelty.

In the afternoon several young ladies, escorted by their brothers and beaux, called

called upon Louisa, and were detained to tea; and, if scandal and dress were topics of entertainment, Cinthelia could not avoid being entertained.

She was sitting between Louisa and her brother, when a gentleman, dressed in a plain suit, but particular for no other characteristic, entered the room: his features were marked with solemnity, and, without speaking, he seemed to make observations on all the company, before he selected a companion:—his eyes caught Cinthelia, and fixing them upon her, he seemed to think he had found the object of his search, and instantly wheeling round, he placed himself in a vacant chair, so close that he could observe her features, and even hear her remarks.—Had he gazed in her face with the stare of passion, he would soon have put her out of countenance; but there was such a soft insinuating mildness in his look,

that she could not but regard him with particular attention.

When Harry rose to speak to some ladies at the other end of the room, Cinthelia inquired of his sister, in a whisper, if she knew the gentleman.

“ Know him, a brute !” replied she—
“ Why, its that wretch Hervey !—He
“ makes it a practice to make love to
“ every fine girl he sees ; and, when he
“ has gained their consent, he forsakes
“ them, and tells such lies about them,
“ that he’s quite a brute :—he’s got a
“ large estate, though, and that makes
“ him endurable.”

“ He’s a strange character, truly,”
replied Cinthelia ; “ but I wonder no
“ one has ever been able to fix him.”

“ Indeed,” replied Louisa, “ I believe
“ he

“ he *don't* never intend to marry ; and
“ that's the way with almost all the
“ young men :—its a horrid thing ; but
“ they don't none of them praise matri-
“ mony. — There's my brother, now,
“ though he's such a favourite, and such
“ a fortune, and dashes away at such a
“ rate, and might have who he would,
“ yet I don't believe he has *no* sweet-
“ heart.”

The two last words being overheard by Mr. Hervey, he turned round to Cinthelia—“ And is it possible,” said he, tapping her on the arm, “ that with so elegant a person, a countenance so engaging, and a modesty so sweet, no man should have sworn himself your slave ? Or did I hear this young lady right ? ”

“ I believe not,” replied Cinthelia,
“ or you would not have imputed to
“ our tongues what was scarcely in our
“ thoughts.”

“ And

“ And whence,” said he, smiling, “ is
“ it, that the best young ladies can pre-
“ varicate in matters of love?—Is it not
“ a subject universally interesting? is it
“ not the second business of life? where-
“ fore, then, disguise a feeling, which,
“ not to possess, we must be less than
“ mortal, or past its influence.”

“ May there not be a situation diffe-
“ rent from either of those cases,” said
she, “ when the heart has not yet been
“ taught to feel.”

“ That,” said he, “ cannot, surely, be
“ the case of Miss Hendon; but if so,
“ happy, happy will be the man, who
“ can touch so inflexible a heart; for
“ inflexible it must be, to have escaped
“ all the glances and sighs that have
“ flown towards her—for who that sees
“ would not sigh to possess.”

“ I protest,” cried Louisa, “ Hervey
“ is

“ is making love to you himself.—I told
“ you so, didn't I?—I thought, sir, you
“ hated all our sex.”—(*Scornfully.*)

“ Pardon me, Miss; hatred is a passion
“ far from my heart: but, though I do
“ not hate them all, I certainly do not
“ love them all.—So much pride, so
“ much pomp of insignificance, that a
“ man, who has the largest purse, is
“ certain to urge the most weighty argu-
“ ments to the ladies of the day.”

“ Sir,” cried Louisa, colouring, “ you
“ are always so mortifying—I am out of
“ patience!—I suppose, if people did
“ not keep coaches a hundred years ago,
“ they were then the same as they are
“ now; and money, I dare say, carried
“ the day!”

“ I readily grant,” returned Hervey,
smiling at the anger she expressed, “ that
“ ever since your first mother Eve, you
“ have

“ have been governed by vanity; for that
“ modest old lady preferred a little flat-
“ tery from a serpent to the plain speeches
“ of the good man Adam: but what I
“ meant by the expression was no more
“ than a hint, that your power continued
“ only for a day; and that day is a short
“ one. In *fifteen* years, my dear Louisa,
“ where will be those roses, and those
“ lillies? your reign will be over, and
“ some trifler, unthinking as yourself,
“ will bloom for a time, till another
“ takes her place.”

Thus each fair maiden, like the mushroom race,
But reigns a moment, then resigns her place,
To her, who next assumes the transient power,
Who buds, and blooms, and fades within the hour.

“ Wretch!” cried Louisa, wrapping
him with her fan, “ you are enough to
“ give one the vapours, with such non-
“ sense.—Cinthelia, my dear, don’t at-
“ tend to him any more.”

Mr.

Mr. Hervey was forming a reply, when Harry Mobile, picking his teeth, advanced to Cinthelia:—"I forgot to ask if you
" loved music," said he; and, being answered in the affirmative, he went on—
" I am glad of that: my sister shall
" carry you to the concert in — Lane.
" I always subscribe, because I don't like
" to look scrubby; but I very seldom
" go, for music is now quite a bore."

" O, you will be charmed, indeed," said Louisa: " I will take you in the
" coach. — Mr. Tyni sings a counter
" tenor; and you shall go next Wednesday,
" day, and my brother shall 'squire us."

" And am I," said Hervey, " to be
" excluded from the party? Are there
" many ladies there?"

" I dare say you never was there: but
" what if there were fifty, that's nothing
" to you."

" You

“ You intend to be cruel,” said Hervey, laughing :—“ perhaps I may find
“ a wife.”

“ And is that a matter of laborious
“ search ?” inquired Cinthelia, smiling.
“ I should suppose you might make a
“ discovery of that nature without visit-
“ ing public assemblies.”

“ Were all young ladies endowed with
“ the perfections of Cinthelia,” returned
he, bowing, “ my search would quickly
“ end ; but amidst vanity and vapiditv,
“ I fear I must long seek in vain.”

“ You are a rum quiz, upon my soul,”
cried Harry, with a loud laugh :—“ you
“ have been seeking a wife these ten
“ years, to my knowledge ; and, let me
“ tell ye, if you don’t strike out some-
“ thing, and flash away, you may seek
“ for ten more.—The girls like us fellows
“ of

“ of spirit. — D—e! drive a gig, and
“ dash—that’s the go.”

Cinthelia would have supposed, but for the serious air of Hervey, that his project was merely the offspring of conversation, and was not without some surprize at its confirmation, by the speech of Mobile.—She began to suspect Hervey of that singularity which arises from a superior self-value, and too often clouds the lustre of eminent talents. During the remainder of the evening, Harry Mobile attached himself to her company, with an eagerness that created, in the bosoms of her fair neighbours, no small degree of envy, while to her it was far from being a subject of triumph.

She knew from report, as well as from his own testimony, that his principles were such as the present city youths aspire at, which is to imitate the vices of what is termed high life. His fortune
and

and erroneous education led him to excess, and gave him an overbearing disposition, that looked down on all he fancied beneath him; for, like his superiors in the upper world, he forgot that chance had only distinguished him by an attribute, which would reflect no merit on himself.

As Cinthelia was not wholly unacquainted with the customs of town, she contrived to turn aside his insinuations of gallantry, and as Mr. Hervey often applied some severe criticisms on the trifles uttered by Harry, the time passed away without heaviness, though more than once she wondered Edward never appeared, and would have preferred a conversation with the fair Quaker, with whom she supposed him engaged, to all the lively fallies of the evening.

This was far advanced before she was allowed to return, which she then did in
Mobile's

Mobile's carriage, escorted by Harry, who ventured to address her with more freedom, but in that tone of railery, which eludes a serious answer. In truth, from his professed character, she could not suppose he meant more than gallantry, or a wish to display his eloquence; nor had that character been different, could she have believed any thing serious from a man who sported with the passion he professed to feel: she felt convicted, that far other must be the behaviour of one, who experienced the ardor of love, which inspires timidity in all over whom it extends its empire: she was, therefore, perfectly easy, when he proposed making overtures to her father, and was about to reply when the carriage stopped at the door.

Mr. Ranson was in the parlour when Harry led in Cinthelia; he welcomed him with an hearty shake of the hand; and, notwithstanding a rising frown on the

the brow of Mrs. Hendon, insisted on his remaining to supper.

This invitation was very acceptable to Harry, who now fancied himself infinitely more witty. Mr. Ranson, being of the same gay turn, with more knowledge of the world, and a better stock of understanding, "I think," said the latter, "you have made a wife determination, in resolving not to encumber yourself with a wife; for, asking pardon of the ladies, a wife is a thing we can very well do without. What fellow, with any fire or spirit, will be chained to a domestic circle? Give me liberty to range, or let me not live!"

"Fye!" cried Mrs. Hendon, "I am ashamed to hear this from you, Mr. Ranson, who had a better wife than you deserved; and, in my opinion, you were then much more *truly* happy than you are now."

"Rest

“ Rest her soul,” said he carelessly, and yawning: “ She was a good creature, that I will say, and popped off just in time:—But do you think I married for any thing but the shiners? if you do, you are plaguedly out. That, indeed’s, the only excuse I allow for so foolish an act.—What think you of it, Harry?”

Harry was now called upon, without any inclination to reply; he knew, that to ridicule matrimony would not be the way to the heart of Cinthelia, a path he was much inclined to travel; while that fear of ridicule, which influences the actions of an empty head, strongly tempted him to repeat all the fine things he had heard to its disadvantage: he therefore simply pronounced, stretching out and admiring his legs,—“ D—e! if I know what to think. A good wife, to be sure, looking at Cinthelia, is a good thing; but then—a good wife is
“ a difficult

“ a difficult matter to find; and, dash
“ me, if I can tell which is best; but a
“ bad wife is the very devil itself!—Will
“ you, Miss, favour us with your opi-
“ nion?”

“ My opinion!” said she, half of-
fended at being applied to on a subject
like the present—“ If, sir, you can
“ form no opinion of your own, I cer-
“ tainly think you had better remain as
“ you are; for, I fancy, whoever en-
“ gages in that state, without expecting
“ to find in it more satisfaction than in
“ another, will be greatly disappointed,
“ were it simply, that they will forbear
“ any endeavour on their part to con-
“ tribute towards the common stock of
“ happiness from a sort of conviction,
“ that the attempt is not to meet re-
“ ward.”

“ Spoke like an angel, 'pon my soul,
“ Miss!” cried Mobile.—“ Absolutely
“ Ranfon,

“ Ranson, I shall give it a turn ; and,
“ if I do resolve to marry——.”

“ You had as well hang yourself the
“ day before,” interrupted Ranson:—
“ I’ll wager ten to one you quarrel before
“ the first week is over:—then, there’s
“ children squaling, nurses, sickness—
“ d—n—n! all the plagues of Pan-
“ dora!—Give me the man that loves to
“ see life and enjoy it; that’s my way!”

Mrs. Hendon had some difficulty to suppress her anger at those expressions; expressions by no means calculated for the sober maxims of modesty; she, therefore, with a severe look of disapprobation at Ranson, turned to her daughter, saying — “ My dear, that
“ work you left up stairs had better be
“ finished ; you may retire.” This permission was readily accepted; and tho’ both the gentlemen interceded for her stay, she was too much pleased with
going,

going, to hesitate ; and, slightly curtsying, withdrew.

In spite of the many good things she had heard, and the flattery she had received, sufficient, indeed, to have made an impression on many, she found very little difficulty in banishing every idea relative to Harry Mobile ; but she could not but reflect on the engagement she had heard mentioned repeatedly of Edward with Patience ; an engagement that seemed to destroy her first hopes of establishment, and excited a curiosity, to see by what superior charm he was held from herself. The strange character of Mr. Hervey also made some impression on her mind ; but, slight as her acquaintance had been, she saw that he was not calculated to excite love, as one who appears at least blind to the follies of the sex.

CHAP. III.

Meek honour, female shame,
O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
From Albion dost thou fly?
Of Albion's daughters once the fav'rite fame.

ARENSIDE.

IN the morning, with her mother's permission, she prepared to pay a visit after dinner to the Biantons; but, while she was getting ready, Louisa Mobile called upon her, with an invitation to the concert the following evening.

"I know not," replied Cinthelia,
"how I can attend you this week: I am
"now going to Mr. Bianton's; and I
"must begin to take a part in domestic
"affairs."

"Domestic

“ Domestic fiddlesticks !” cried Louisa, with a loud laugh : “ how do I mind family business ? — My breakfast is always ready for me by half after ten ; and I have nothing to do but eat, dress, visit, and read novels ; and that is task sufficient.”

“ Perhaps so,” replied Mrs. Hendon, “ for young ladies of fortune, who may have servants to attend them ; but even in such an one I imagine the husband would be better pleased to find some little œconomy.”

“ Please a husband !” repeated Louisa, with a stare ; “ who ever thinks of such a thing ! — Ma never did, I know. — I would sooner live single all the days of my life, than be forced to study the temper and whims of a man. If I bring him a fortune, have I not a right to spend it in any thing I please ?”

“ And

“ And his fortune into the bargain,” said Mrs. Hendon, drily : “ but let me tell you the man is little beholden to the woman, who squanders not only her fortune, but his :—he had much better take a girl without a sixpence.”

“ I protest, now,” cried Louisa, “ you talk exactly like that wretch Hervey ; but I was only jesting—Will you let Cinthelia go ? We have tickets for Wednesday ; and so I shall call for her in the carriage.”—“ If it is so settled,” replied Mrs. Hendon, “ my consent is not needful.”—“ No,” replied Cinthelia, “ nothing is settled ; and, unless with your free consent, I have no desire to go.”—“ I did not mean so, my dear ; you are fond of music, and I have no objection to your going.”

Louisa returned her thanks, in a way that seemed to say they were superfluous ;

and shortly after leaving them, Cinthelia hastened to dress herself, with a neatness that might vie with the simplicity of Patience, without any remarkable formality.

The weather was fine ; and her father had not yet set up a coach, in imitation of his more wealthy or projecting neighbours. She walked through the streets to the bankers in Cornhill, and, opening the shop door, was a little fluttered to find herself gazed upon by half a dozen well dressed clerks. She was going to enquire if Mr. Brianton was within, when Edward came from a distant desk, and, taking her hand, lead her up stairs, but not before the words *charming girl, 'pon my soul!* reached her ears from one of the clerks, and tinged her cheeks with a blush, which was not softened by a glance of meaning from Edward, who for the first time found himself embarrassed in his behaviour,

viour, and without speaking, he conducted her up stairs. Mrs. Brianton smiled at her entrance—"I have brought you my new recovered friend," said Edward, "who was anxious to renew her intimacy with your daughter."

"I am proud," returned Mrs. Brianton, "at having a daughter, whose merit can engage the affection of one, in whose favour report has already said so much; but am I to suppose myself wholly excluded from her wish of renewing our acquaintance. What say'st thee, my dear?"

"I say," replied Cinthelia, "that if pride must necessarily have concern in the action, be it to me, who never had more occasion, than while receiving the praise of Mrs. Brianton."

"Whether pride has any concern in this matter," said Edward, "is a
D 2 "question

“ question that need not now be debated; you will, therefore, excuse my
“ presence, since you will be so mutually entertained.”

With these words he withdrew; and Mrs. Brianton, taking the hand of Cinthelia, led her to a chair. This amiable Quaker possessed a person, such as might be expected from a life, calm and unruffled by the slightest breeze of misfortune. The beauties of her youth were not disfigured by disappointment; they had simply faded as time drew his garment over her. Her temper was equally even with her fortune; and, surely, if happiness could dwell in the mansions of humanity, it resided in the habitation of Josiah and Patience Brianton:—No reproach or repining ever escaped their lips, and peace seemed to watch round their dwelling with pleasure.

An only daughter was the delight of
their

their existence; her manners were soft and pleasing, which gave peculiar grace to the modes of puritanic pronunciation; her person was inclined to little; she was rather a brunette; and the ready blush that often tinged her cheeks, expressed the sensations of a soul alive to feeling: her education, though not according to the usage of the world, had yet been liberal; and though she knew neither French, Italian, nor dancing, she was acquainted with the solid acquirements that at once enlarge the understanding, and fill into gentleness and repose the rude passions of nature. A companion like this was more congenial to Cinthelia than the gay and thoughtless Louisa; and she was somewhat disappointed to find, that not being apprized of her visit, she was gone to the house of a friend; but the conversation of her mother left no room for vacuity, and Cinthelia could not refrain the remark of how much more pleasant and profitable

was the quiet conversation of friendship, than the raillery and folly of giddy acquaintance. Perhaps too, she was pleased with the encomiums bestowed upon Edward, encomiums that flattered her own discernment, for she felt internally convicted he merited them.

Before her departure Patience returned, and their friendship was renewed with an embrace of sisterly affection; yet Cinthelia, while she inwardly admired the great improvements a few years had made in the person of Patience, felt as if she should not have been sorry, had those improvements been less; so easily does a desire of eminence inspire jealousy of competition.

At supper they were joined by Edward; and now it was that Cinthelia endeavoured to penetrate into his sentiments towards her friend:—she observed a diffidence of behaviour in Patience,
when

when she was addressed by, or had occasion to speak of Edward:—her voice, at all times soft and harmonious, now sunk into a sound so peculiarly expressive, that Cinthelia could only impute it to love—a sigh was involuntarily arising at the observation; but her maxim of prudence intervening, she checked herself, and almost fancied she wished them reciprocally engaged; she could not however but observe that Edward was distantly polite, even to them both; he hazarded no compliment of common gallantry, nor did he appear to regard either with particular attention.

From this behaviour it was impossible to form any certain conclusion:—he was a constant inmate in the house of the banker; he surely was not always so constrained in his address; and the deduction was obviously, either that he wished not to appear as a lover before Cinthelia, or that he actually was not so.

This was, however, no conclusion at all; and, for the first time in her life, she felt a sense of painful uncertainty, for which she found no cause to account.

Of the projected union, by their parents, they were both equally ignorant; but this little check to a freedom of adoption answered every purpose that could have been desired.—So froward is the human heart, in the best of dispositions, that things of difficult or doubtful attainment create a sigh after possession; so it is in the common affairs of life, and so it was in the bosom of the beautiful Cinthelia.

On her return home, she found a multiplicity of ideas to arrange and discuss; and she hastened to bed, that she might at leisure review them.—Her acquaintance with Edward, and his constant attention whenever they had formerly met, had led her insensibly to fancy him partial

tial to her merits, and without reflecting she had ever beheld him in a light superior to every other.—The new sensations, the confusion which she found in her thoughts, brought to her view the nearness of that precipice from which she had often shrunk in idea; and she recoiled at the prospect of loving a man, without a certainty of return: she was also uncertain of the approbation of her parents, whose dictates she determined to obey, and whose experience in life, and whose knowledge of the misrepresentations of the fallacious passion, qualified them to judge with precision.

She was however certain they would not raise any considerable objection, and, without being able to determine any mode of future action, towards morning sleep for a while suspended the doubts, fears, and anxiety, that solately had taken place of peace and repose, in the bosom of Cinthelia.

The

The next day, which was the first Cinthelia spent wholly at home, she had opportunity to observe an uneasiness in her parents, which they attempted to conceal, arising from the misconduct of Ranson, who frequently spent the night abroad, in company far from eligible, which, at the same time, rendered him so unfit for business in the day, that the chief burthen fell on Mr. Hendon, who saw, with sorrow, that what was laid up by himself was squandered by his partner.

In the evening Mr. Mobile's carriage drew up, and Louisa hastened into the parlour, where she found Cinthelia in waiting; for it was with her a rule never to make an engagement she did not observe with punctuality. The sister of Mr. Hervey was waiting in the coach; she was a lady of about thirty, and, like her brother, possessed a peculiarity of thinking: she had been engaged extremely young to a gentleman, who unfortunately died abroad,

abroad, on a journey to Amsterdam; and her affections had never since been fixed any man, who, in her sight, possessed equal attractions: thus, by a strange concurrence of accident, the brother and sister both remained single. She had heard her brother praise Cinthelia; she was herself not blind to her merits; and it was with pleasure she entered into conversation during their short ride.

She, however, found that Cinthelia was very deficient in point of learning; for she could neither relate the progress of the Athenian republic in grandeur and arts, nor the rise and decline of the Roman empire, when the Senate and the people were become a sink of corruption; but this defect was amply supplied by that good sense, which bespeaks a soul capable of every acquirement, and endowed with prudence to distinguish and adopt.

They

They were considerably earlier than the commencement of the entertainment; but the vacuity was supplied by the entrance of Mr. Hervey, which, notwithstanding the indifference of Louisa, Cinthelia observed created in her some little confusion, probably from a dread of his satire. He took his seat beside Cinthelia, and, after inquiring concerning her health, and expressing his satisfaction at again seeing her, he inquired if she had yet discovered the man who was to teach her heart to sigh.

Cinthelia, from some inward reflection, blushed at the question; but, assuming a gaiety of countenance, "Why," said she, "should you ask a question, that I have not yet considered, and which, at any time, is not the business of a female to resolve? But you, sir, who are professedly involved in the search, have perhaps been fortunate enough to dis-

cover

“cover the lady you will prefer to the
“rest of her sex.”

“I have,” said he, sighing and looking
expressively at her, “indeed, seen her,
“whom of all others I could prefer;
“but, I fear, fortune has not in store
“for me such an abundance of bliss.”

“And why so?” said Cinthelia, smiling.
“Have you asked her the question? or
“is she engaged?”

“My fear of the latter,” returned he,
“is one reason, and my consciousness
“of inferiority another, why I have
“yet sighed in secret.”

“Pray,” interrupted Louisa, who had
been engaged with Miss Hervey, “when
“will they begin?—I declare I’m tired
“already.”

“Of yourself, or others?” said Hervey.

“Of

“Of every thing,” replied she, peevishly.
“—Never marry, then, I advise you,”
returned Hervey:—“A young lady,
“who cannot find entertainment in her
“own mind for one half hour, is ill cal-
“culated for domestic life, where so many
“hours will remain on her hands; and,
“in old age, when those who flattered her
“will flatter no longer, pitiable, indeed,
“will be her situation.”

“And what then?” cried Louisa, half
angry.—“My brother,” said Miss Her-
vey, “loves to rail at us poor women:
“but you know, my dear, he never in-
“terferes with those for whom he has no
“esteem; he does not think them worth
“the trouble of notice.” Insensibly the
frown on the face of Louisa retired; and
one of her female friends entering, she
became engaged in a separate conversa-
tion, leaving Cinthelia to Hervey and
his sister.

The music shortly after began; and Cinthelia enjoyed the performance with a pleasure which was new; for never having heard any thing superior to a country concert of piano-fortes and violins, the present, though far from perfection, extremely delighted her, and one or two strains drew a tear to her eye. In the midst of one of the grand chorusses, Hervey ventured to lean his hand upon her shoulder; "Is not this," said he, "to the soul of the feeling Cinthelia, a foretaste of ethereal bliss!"

So strong an expression excited her surprize; but, imputing it to his singularity of character, she remained silently attentive to the music; but this attention was a moment after interrupted by the entrance of Edward:—she shrunk instantly from the hand of Hervey; but, without attempting to speak to her, he hastened away.—What now, thought she, am I so very disgusting, that he flies from

from me! but let him go; perhaps he has recollected an engagement with Patience Brianton.

Her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Harry Mobile, and a young man, dressed, if possible, more extravagantly than his companion: it was also evident, at the first glance, that he conceived himself superior to the company, whom he gazed upon through a glass.—“Here comes a lord,” whispered Hervey: “Do you mark his dignity of aspect? Nobility is painted on his brow.” Louisa’s head became something higher, and, before Cinthelia could reply, Harry introduced my Lord Dolittle, notwithstanding the interruption the ceremony created in the entertainment, to the vexation of those who wished to attend.—These young men, who regarded only their own ease, entered into a tittering conversation, pointed with the epithets, D—d good! No, d—e! &c. &c. frequently

frequently appealing to Cinthelia or Louisa, for decision on remarks neither of them had heard.

At length the patience of an elderly citizen was exhausted, and pulling the young man by the sleeve, "Pray, sir," said he, "why did you come here?" "D—e! if I know," replied the other: "I suppose because others come."—"Then, sir, give me leave to say—if your motive was to do as others did, be so good as continue that motive, by silence, and we will hear your good things afterwards."

He was a little confounded at this rebuke, as he did not expect any one would venture to insult a lord, and therefore had no repartee ready; for, as to the appeal *manuel*, the person was rather too far advanced in life to fear it; and as Hervey commented upon the remark, after several yawns, accompanied with grimace,

mace, he arose:—"D—e!" said he, "if
 " I stay in the place any longer! Do
 " people come here to sit in the stocks,
 " to hear such confounded squalling and
 " noise!—Mobile, will you, or will you
 " not, meet us *there*? No excuse, all in
 " a squad." Mobile could not refuse so
 pressing a summons; and pronouncing
 to Cinthelia something about sorrow at
 leaving her, followed his friend, to the
 derangement of part of the company,
 who had to rise, that they might pass.

"No wonder," said Hervey, in the
 next interval of performance, "that
 " this class of society should in general
 " be so ignorant, since, in their first ru-
 " diments of their education, they are
 " taught that arrogance is dignity, and
 " insolence a token of high birth, to all
 " in dependence under them, they are
 " to behave with haughtiness, and even
 " to tradesmen, who support them in
 " almost every point of view; they be-
 " have

“ have with a species of insolent com-
“ mand. This fellow you have seen
“ insult this assembly, is the younger
“ son of a tumbling house, and all his
“ hopes are, that his brother, who has
“ run through his health, and is an old
“ man at thirty-five, will die, and leave
“ him the estate, which, though nomi-
“ nally large, yet, like its master, is
“ nearly exhausted with mortgages:—
“ But perhaps the title had a charm
“ your ears.”

“ The title, indeed,” said she, “ would
“ have led me to expect something su-
“ pereminently excellent; but we must
“ not always depend on a glittering
“ exterior.”

“ With this knowledge,” returned
Hervey, “ I hope the outside will not
“ be the first consideration with Miss
“ Hendon in her choice of a partner:—
“ but what opinion have you formed of
“ young

“young Mobile?” “Can there be two
“opinions of him, then,” said Cinthelia;
“I think *there* indeed the exterior is a
“sufficient index to the mind; and the
“only hope is, that age may correct the
“follies of youth.—But at what period
“is age to commence? or will the ap-
“pearance of grey hairs eradicate ha-
“bits, which time has grafted on na-
“ture? I have indeed somewhere read,
“that a virtuous woman is capable of
“bending a man to any line of conduct,
“and correcting the pernicious influ-
“ences of a vicious education; and,
“probably, you will be tempted to
“exert your powers of inclining a hu-
“man soul from vice to virtue, and
“gently leading it, with the fascinating
“charms of beauty and love, to those
“habits of sobriety, which shall render
“it worthy not only to be here, but
“hereafter your companion.”

“The undertaking,” she replied,
“would

" would be truly worthy, were the suc-
" cess probable; but where so little hope
" invites, and where the ability is so
" small, the attempt would only mark
" presumption:—but how strange is it,
" that you, sir, with sentiments so
" highly in favour of our sex, should
" yet have remained without a wife,
" who might have been to you the com-
" panion you profess to admire."

" That I think highly of that con-
" nection," he replied, sighing, " is
" true. Perhaps my sentiments are far
" too high to be realized, and fit only
" to exemplify the dreams of poetic
" enthusiasm:—I confess I was once
" more sanguine in my expectations; I
" not only cherished the phantom I had
" formed, but believed myself blessed in
" the reality:—the dream vanished—
" I awoke to disappointment, and —
" but the music is again going to be-
" gin."

Cinthelia

Cinthelia had been entertained by this slight confession; she even found pleasure in his conversation, in which was mingled softness with good sense; and she could scarcely believe, as she had been informed, that a man like this could make overtures to any one, without a sincerity of intention; yet, though she was pleased with his company, and admired his talents, she easily perceived that love was not the child of prudence, and that a tacit acquiescence in our own qualifications was in some sort necessary, arising from that principle of affinity, which unites us to those who admire us, and are so good as pass unnoticed our faults, in search of our virtues.

Louisa did not appear extremely well satisfied with the evening entertainment; she however repaid the negligence of Hervey, by a few expressive looks of contempt, and entertained his sister with the

the genealogy and splendor of the Doblittles.

During their ride, Mr. Hervey frequently insinuated the value he had for her; and expatiated on the pleasures her friendship would afford him, concluding with an intreaty, that he might have the happiness sometimes to wait upon her.

As Mr. Hervey was no stranger to her father, granting such a request was adopting his visit to herself; but as she had no reason, on the other hand to forbid him, she calmly replied, that she should always be glad to see any friend of her father's.

On the following Sunday Cinthelia was attended to church by Edward Ranson, who was not a little inquisitive as to her opinion of Hervey, nor a little pleased, when he found that opinion accord with his own: he confessed that the familiarity

familiarity of his behaviour at the concert had raised his suspicion, that he was the man who would find the way to her heart.

A slight blush was the only reply of Cinthelia, and Edward for the rest of the way was unusually silent. He had always beheld Cinthelia as an object of esteem, and flattered himself, that at some future period she would make a charming companion for life; but those hopes began to subside, when his passion had been confirmed, as the conduct of his father threatened to bring ruin upon all within his influence.

So situated, his affection could not with propriety be revealed; for he felt, that to injure the maid of his choice, by entailing on her all the evils of poverty, was a poor way of expressing his partiality.—There was also something of meanness in endeavouring to gain her
love,

love, when it was not to meet success; and he determined to watch over her in silence, that no unworthy object might snatch her away by effrontery, or seduce her by deceit; but with intention, that should an honourable and worthy man offer as the candidate for her favour, before himself was qualified, to forego her without a word.

Thus it was, that often in their conversations, when they by chance had approached the subject of love, and when Cinthelia expected he would say something for himself, he either paused in silence, or attempted to change the subject; a behaviour for which she could not account, though she had the penetration to observe, that he laboured under some meaning he endeavoured to conceal; and this uncertainty had an effect it was not meant to produce; for, in place of confirming her belief of his indifference, and consequently rendering

her so, it fanned the flame within her bosom, and constantly formed the subject of her solitary reflections.

At church they were met by Mr. Hervey, who complimented Cinthelia on her piety; observing, that she who attended her duty towards heaven, would not readily omit her duty on earth.—At the same time he proposed drinking tea at Mr. Hendon's in the afternoon, and accompanying them in the evening to the Foundling Hospital, if they were not otherwise engaged.

To this proposal Cinthelia readily assented, as she wished to see a place where the child of want found an asylum, and the offspring of wretchedness, repose. “For my part,” replied Hervey, “I go to hear the singing, which is very good; for, as to the charity of the subject, it is not so extensive as it ought to be, for the income is immense;

“ mense ; and, in a political sense, does
“ not such a place encourage licentious-
“ nefs, by holding out to the abandoned
“ a shelter to their crimes ?”

“ I cannot think,” said Edward,
“ that any one ever went astray with in-
“ tention of placing their offspring in
“ the Foundling.” At night they were
early at the gate, where the crowd was
nearly as great as at the play-house, and
the struggles to enter much the same.
Cinthelia could not restrain expressions
of surprize, at sight of a constable placed
at the door of a church, inclosed with
iron rails, through which it was difficult
to pass ; and where, though a collection
was made under pretensions of charity,
the price of admission was fixed.

Many poor people, who could not af-
ford sixpence, were sent away. “ I never
“ heard before,” said she, “ that there

“ were churches only for the rich.”—
“ But,” replied Hervey, “ there are
“ musical entertainments for them alone.
“ The poor have no right to enjoyment,
“ and you see they are here excluded
“ from a well sung hymn, under pre-
“ tence of collecting charity.”

“ I always understood,” said Edward,
“ that in this country of liberty, any
“ man had a right of entrance into any
“ church or place of public worship
“ without paying ; but this is a disgrace
“ to religion.”

“ It is not the only disgrace,” re-
turned Hervey.

A poor man had now elbowed his way
up to the gate, and actually passed the
constable in the crowd ; but the man
who stood collecting the money impe-
riously ordered him to return ; and, as
he

he had not sixpence, to make room for others who had.

"Sir," replied the man somewhat drily, "though you have on a better coat than I, yet standing as you do, with a plate in your hand, begging for charity, it is your place at least to be civil. — Will you accept two-pence?"

"We don't take halfpence," replied the gate-keeper, "nothing less than silver." — "Sixpence," replied the man, "will find supper for my children!" — "If you can't afford sixpence, my good man," replied the other, "you may go somewhere else — you have no business here."

"Nor in this world either," said Hervey: — "A man without sixpence will neither be welcome in a church nor a palace; but to night you shall have

“ sixpenny-worth of music.” While Hervey was paying for the company, two young men, genteely dressed, threw each their sixpence into the plate.—“ D—e!” cried one, “ this is a pretty go: sixpence a piece! that’s half price to the one shilling gallery.”—“ Why the d—l d’ye come?” said the other.—“ Why to see the pretty girls, to be sure—Ayn’t you up to that?—ha, ha: I’ll let you into a good thing.” Having paid for their entrance, they were admitted by tickets into the gallery, where Cinthelia recovered her breath from the crowd, though the pleasure she had expected was wholly destroyed; and it was some minutes before she recollected she was in a church.

“ I would propose,” said Edward, “ a regulation, that I think would be of service; and the name of charity should not be thus prostituted. The galleries and pews should have fixed prices,

“ prices, and the vacancy at the bottom
“ should be free.”

The music was pleasing, and the sermon very pathetic; a fine picture being drawn of the miseries of those unfortunate wretches, who lend an ear to the voice of seduction. The age was represented as more licentious than the preceding, few young men thinking of marriage till an advanced period of life.

“ Alas!” said Hervey, with a deep sigh, “ this is, indeed, too true; not
“ from motives of licentiousness the
“ preacher supposes, but from the impossibility of maintaining a family. If
“ he would correct the age, he should
“ be dumb with his tantalizing morality; he should teach youth how to
“ live and provide for the necessities of
“ life; otherwise, preaching is in vain;
“ for men will not marry to starve.”

This sentiment claimed a responsive sigh from Edward, which probably might have circulated through half the young men in the place.

CHAP. IV.

In chit chat nonsense, thus they spend their prime,
Nor think, till gone for ever, what is time!

Z.

DURING the course of the ensuing week, Mr. Hendon brought home to dinner a gentleman, named Danby, who, notwithstanding he was now on the verge of fifty, was particularly attracted by the graces of Cinthelia; so that he could not forbear saying many gallant things, imputing them to her more than common perfections, which would not allow him to remain silent.

Cinthelia was diverted with his good humour; and knowing him to be a rich merchant,

merchant, to whom her father had considerable obligations, exerted herself to please, but with no intention to attract a lover; she was therefore greatly surprised at receiving a letter the next day from the hands of her father, in which he very earnestly offered her his hand and fortune.

“ Surely,” said she, turning to her parents with a smile, “ this Mr. Danby is a facetious gentleman; but where was the necessity of carrying the jest so far? Were I to shew his epistle, he would become the laugh of every body.”

“ Where a man gives a proffer of marriage, under his hand and seal,” replied her father, “ I think there is little room to suspect a jest. — Which of your youthful lovers would behave thus open? And this openness must evince his generosity, which is the first perfection of a man, in the matrimonial

“ nial state. He is not wild, like young
“ Mobile; and though he certainly has
“ not the learning of Mr. Hervey, you
“ must know, my love, that learning is
“ a very unnecessary ingredient to ren-
“ der a woman happy.”

“ That I grant,” replied Cinthelia;
“ but what has been the youth of this
“ man, since age cannot render him
“ steady? However, my refusal of him
“ is no argument, that I prefer either of
“ those you have named.”

“ If so,” replied Mr. Hendon, “ what
“ objection can a young woman have to
“ a man with more than a thousand a
“ year, who is in love, and who would
“ make her sole mistress of his heart and
“ his house?”

“ Power and wealth!” said Mrs. Hen-
don:—“ Can a woman possibly reject
“ them, when united?”

“ Go

“ Go on, my dear mother,” said Cinthelia, laughing; “ and say, united with
“ a man just sinking in the grave.”

“ You will sooner be free from the
“ appendage, then,” said her father,
(looking at his wife with a smile).—“ If
“ you marry a man your own age, you
“ will stand a chance of being plagued
“ for life: but, seriously, I think Dan-
“ by’s offer extremely generous, and
“ what few young women would refuse.
“ A youthful imagination may expect su-
“ perlative felicity with a man you might
“ choose; but when you reflect, that not
“ one woman in a thousand attains the
“ man on whom she first places her
“ affections, you will see that the passion
“ of love is nothing more than a chimera,
“ which time disperses or changes. Were
“ it not for this transferability, your sex
“ would, in general, be miserable; and,
“ believe me, though some may pretend
“ to hold riches cheap, yet, in this world,
“ that

“ that is, in commercial society, the man
“ without riches is little better than a
“ slave to others; and the perpetual sport
“ of delusive hope, which cheats him
“ through life, with the expectance of
“ future independence:—the present is
“ always sacrificed to the future, and
“ happiness transferred to another day.
“ I think, then, that an offer like this
“ should not be lightly refused.”

“ Had not my father told me he was
“ serious,” replied Cinthelia, “ I should
“ not have supposed it; but, as that is
“ the case, I think you will not condemn
“ me, without hearing my objections;
“ and then, if these do not appear suffi-
“ ciently weighty, I will submit to your
“ decision.—(Both nodding her to con-
“ tinue she went on):—In the first place,
“ I think, that a woman who marries a
“ man, merely from interested motives,
“ is not a woman of delicacy:—in the
“ second, matrimony is ordained as a
“ state,

“ state, in which two persons are to go
“ through life, as mutual helpmates and
“ companions; and when one is only
“ beginning life, and the other near the
“ end of it, this purpose is not answered:
“ thirdly, (blushing), our sex were in-
“ tended, by their creator, to continue
“ the race of man; and, I think, she who
“ unites herself to an old man, does little
“ better than if she condemned herself to
“ the cold hearted and selfish state of
“ monastic life: (Mrs. Hendon smiled):
“ and, fourthly, the motives of an old
“ man, in marrying a young wife, can
“ be only to provide himself a nurse,
“ who will perform her office with more
“ care than one that receives wages;
“ and where is the comfort of life perpe-
“ tually tied down to disease? Age
“ may bear with age; but youth and
“ age is a more heterogeneous union
“ than iron with clay.—These are my
“ objections; and I think they, in gene-
“ ral, are just.”

“ You

"You are a very good logician, my darling," cried Mr. Hendon; "and as I believe you have spoken from your heart, come and give me a kiss, and Mr. Danby shall have another nurse."

"Gladly," cried she, "I accept the terms of emancipation."

"But," said Mrs. Hendon, "you have not told us your objections against Mr. Hervey:—I wish you to beware of his good qualities; for he is so whimsically capricious, that he has been several times on the very point of marriage, and broke off without stating his reasons.—I should be sorry my daughter added one to his triumph."

Thus ended this affair, Mr. Danby having seen too much of life to be very strenuous in his suit; though, as a token that he was no less sensible of her merit, he made her a present of a curious foreign ring,

ring, insisting she should wear it till some other had more right to her hand.

One day, about a week after this event, Cinthelia was sitting at work with her mother, when a note upon Mr. Ranson was brought; but, as Mrs. Hendon had not money to take it up, it was returned, and she sat down in silent dejection.—Cinthelia endeavoured to divert her, but in vain; and, after a few minutes, she wiped away the rising tear, and began:—
“ I should have wished, my dear, to
“ keep you in ignorance of our situation;
“ but that is impossible; for I very much
“ fear this Ranson will be our ruin:
“ his mad follies have already plunged
“ us into embarrassments we know not
“ how to overcome; and his son Edward
“ has expended great part of his private
“ fortune, to prevent the stroke of his
“ heedless extravagance falling wholly
“ upon us.”

“ And

“ And is it possible,” said Cinthelia,
“ Mr. Ranson, who appears outwardly
“ a man of so much generosity, and of
“ so good-natured a disposition, can be
“ mean enough to live upon others, and
“ squander that money he knows not to
“ be his own?—In my opinion, it is a
“ species of swindling for one partner
“ to consume more than his share.—But
“ why don’t my father dissolve the part-
“ nership?”

“ Because Ranson often promises to
“ mend; and his father was our parti-
“ cular friend.—You did not know how
“ much your father wished you to accept
“ the offer of the good-natured Danby,
“ who would have relieved him from
“ every difficulty; but he would not
“ influence your choice by any self in-
“ terested insinuation.”

Cinthelia was greatly affected by this
instance of parental love, and more than
ever

ever admired the virtue of Edward, whose situation claimed her pity; she saw also, that where she had least expected, a bar would rise up against their union, and, as her father had said, her first affections meet disappointment: these reflections crowding on her mind, she was unable to offer any comfort to her mother, and felt a degree of dejection she had never before experienced; for hitherto she had remained in happy ignorance of the evils of life, and enjoyed with juvenile avidity the prospects of youth.

Some time after this was the birth-day of Louisa Mobile, which her father distinguished by a splendid entertainment and ball, to which all their friends and acquaintance were invited. Mrs. Hendon, who loved not the freedom so promiscuous an assembly gave to the licentious and the gay, endeavoured to screen her daughter from the liberties of strangers, by engaging Edward as her partner;

an office he accepted with the greatest delight.

On this occasion Cinthelia found herself involved in the irresolution of desiring to please: her whole stock of ribbons were severally examined, to find which best became her complexion: so diffident is real merit of its power to please. She was aware that variety of colour, by too great a mixture of shade, lost its effect upon the countenance, the human figure being most elegant, when the various parts of dress are uniform in colour; she therefore selected a white muslin robe, trimmed with white ribbons. A smile of satisfaction undulated on her lip, when she glanced her eye towards the reflective mirror, and her heart fluttered with a rising hope, when she recollected who was to be her partner for the evening.

Edward's impatience permitted him
not

not to stay till the hour appointed; but as Cinthelia was not this day so ready as usual at the labours of the toilet, the task of entertaining him devolved on her mother. By four, however, the blushing Cinthelia entered the parlour, and by the beauty of her appearance silenced the rising compliment he had been forming to make her. He trembled as he made the common inquiries; and to conceal his confusion, pressed her to depart.

"How many hearts," said he, "on their way, does my lovely friend mean to subject to night within the circle of her empire?"

"I fancy," replied she gaily, "there are few who will own the influence of my power."

"All," cried he, "all that see you must

“ must adore; and from no other wish
“ than to expire in your service.”

“ You are extremely *polite*,” returned
she, “ I think my mother might have
“ trusted me to strangers, without the
“ fear of my hearing any thing more
“ romantic.”

“ Do you think, then, I romance?—
“ Ah! but—,” stammered he in confusion
“ —But I hope I have not given you of-
“ fence? Believe, indeed, I meant no-
“ thing less——.”

“ I am not offended,” said she, sim-
ply—“ How does Miss Brianton? In my
“ opinion, she is extremely handsome;
“ with so much softness of disposition,
“ I think she will make an excellent
“ wife”.

“ I believe, nay, I am certain she
“ will,” returned he. “ Her manners are
“ such,

“such, that they must conciliate the
“affections of all who live with her.—
“Her duty to her parents, is an ex-
“ample of true virtue; and I know
“not a man that is sufficiently deserving
“her hand.”

Cinthelia sighed; the elation of a moment had evaporated; and again she became a prey to jealousy. Some hypocrisy is perhaps latent in the bosom of every female; for, while she felt in her heart a pang of torture, she called a smile into her face, and in a voice of pleasantry replied.

“With so high a sense of her good
“qualities, no doubt, you have become
“candidate for her favour. But why do
“you conceal it from those friends who
“will always rejoice at your success?”

Edward for a moment gazed upon her, as if to discover her real sentiments:
he

he seemed to hesitate on something of importance; and while Cinthelia trembled for a confirmation of her fears, the coach drew up to the door of Mr. Mobile.

“Ha, ha, my pretty rose-bud,” cried he, receiving her in the passage in his best suit of snuff colour, “we are to have fine doings to-night: but I always keep my little chits birth-day without working; you know it would be hard indeed if one day in a year, Sundays excepted, one could not have a bit of a hallowday.—But how be ye?”

“I am very well,” replied she—“but I fear so much company will discompose you, sir.”

“O not in the least, ’tis all in the way of business, you know, now.—I’ll tell you, I love nothing better than a bustle.—I never in my life could bear to stand still.—When I was a ‘prentice—

"tice—After you, Miss.—Ha, ha, do
 "you think I ha'n't learnt manners?"

Being thus ushered into the dining-room, which was brilliantly illuminated, Cinthelia found herself in the midst of a company, to most of whom she was a stranger; but young Mobile, running and taking her hand, saved her the trouble of introduction. Having reached a seat in one corner of the room, Harry drew a chair near her, and began to make a thousand inquiries in his usual style; protesting she should do him the honour of *walking* a dance: "For only
 "think, Miss, the impertinence of that
 "puppy Dolittle, he would lay me a
 "wager, I couldn't go through a dance;
 "so I took him up ten to one, that you
 "and I beat all the room."

"I am sorry you have made me the
 "subject of a wager, as my mother has
 "delivered me to the care of Mr. Ran-
 "son,"

“son,” said Cinthelia.—Mobile, biting his nails, and staring at Edward with an air of effrontery was going to reply, when the eyes of the company were attracted by the entrance of Sir Jasper Wilton, leading in his *better* half. Sir Jasper was a small dapper figure, not above five foot; and though age had contributed to render him meagre as well as short, he affected all the airs of sixteen, dressing nearer that age than his own. Though the weather was perfectly fine, he entered the room in boots, with a ratan thrust into one of them. His lady, whom he had married for some pecuniary convenience, was the relict of a West-India trader; and having fared sumptuously in this world, the exuberancy of her person was an admirable contrast to that of her spouse.

Having taken a survey of the company through an eye glass, while he held the hand of his lady in a gallant manner,

“ Well, my dear,” said he, “ as the saying is, this is a very genteel assembly. Ladies and gentlemen, as the saying is, I am your most obsequious servant.”

“ Pray, sir, if it is not an utter discomfort, as the saying is, we would only just pass into that vacancy ?”

“ Sir Jasper,” affectedly cried his spouse, “ How can you be so giddy ?— I beg a thousand pardons, ladies— My cough is so intolerable—I beg a million pardons, sir—I hope I did not hurt you.”

This was addressed to Mr. Hervey, on whose toe she had unfortunately trod in her unwieldy passage ; and to which he replied, “ That few ladies could make on him a *lasting* impression.”

“ But though not lasting,” replied a little coquet, “ it may be weighty.”

Hervey smiled, but remained silent, as he

he feared drawing down on himself a volubility of tongue, he at present was not qualified to retort, as he was not perfectly easy at seeing Cinthelia engaged with Edward and Mobile; the latter of whom he had already marked as a rival. That he might more nearly observe the actions of Cinthelia, and thence judge who had the greatest pretensions to hope, he arose to join their party; but Miss Panton, the little coquet, who had determined to pursue him through the evening, tapped him on the arm, as he was about to depart.

“ Pray,” said she, with an arch smiler, “ where are you wandering now ?
“ I assure you, that lady is already better
“ disposed of, so you had as well take
“ me, now you can; for I expect fifty
“ pretty fellows here in a minute, to
“ dispute my hand: but the gravity of
“ Mr. Philosopher will frighten the
“ whole tribe into silence. — Do you
“ know,

“ know, I hate a dismal face ; you shall
“ be knight of the woful counte-
“ nance.”

“ You flatter me,” returned he care-
lessly, “ I am not much inclined to
“ dance ; but, if you are really def-
“ titute——.”

“ You are a charitable creature. You
“ think I must be destitute indeed to
“ take you ; but I like o all things to
“ dance with an old bachelor. Pray,
“ how do I look ?—I thought this rib-
“ bon mighty becoming.”

“ Any thing,” replied he, “ becomes
“ some people.”—“ You’re a flattering
“ wretch now, and I almost love you
“ for it. Now, really, if you would
“ take a few lessons from me, I should
“ soon make you tolerable.”

“ But, in the mean time,” said Her-
vey,

vey, "I fear you would not *tolerate* the
"truths I might be tempted to utter."

"Pray, as the saying is," interrupted
Sir Jasper, who sat next them, "might
"I inquire how much this carpet might
"cost?"

"I must confess my ignorance," re-
plied Hervey; "but I will make an
"inquiry."—"By no means—I should
"blush at the liberty, my dear sir—I
"only asked out of curiosity, as the
"saying is."

"I have also a little *curiosity*," said
Miss Panton, with a titter, "to know
"what your friends in the corner are
"saying; for really they appear talking
"of love, by their earnestness."

"I will endeavour to oblige you,"
cried Hervey, bowing; and instantly
quitting

quitting her, he hastened to the party of Cinthelia. He was, however, scarcely allowed to finish his first compliments, before, to the satisfaction of Edward, he was challenged by his tormentor, who delighted to draw him from a company with whom he seemed entertained; for against Hervey there was something like a league offensive; and Miss Panton possessing a high flow of spirits, and a lively disposition, often stood forward as the champion of the sex.

From this may be infered the principal cause of infidelity in men. The man who sincerely expresses his disapprobation of those insignificant trifles which bespeak a vacuity of mind, is treated with contempt or ridicule; while he who flatters, though ever so preposterously, is received with applause, and heard with attention. Is it not therefore the women who inspire the spirit of insincerity?

insincerity? and thence have not the right to condemn what alone assures their regard, or engages their favour.

Mobile was soon joined by Dolittle, and thus, at length, left wholly with his amiable partner, Edward enjoyed a conversation unrestrained, as the gaiety of the company inspired Cinthelia with more than usual confidence, and pointed her remarks with vivacity. Her superior sense inspired him with the most pleasing reflections, as it exalted her merit infinitely beyond the common triflers he met with; but from this conversation, they were called by Miss Mobile and Dolittle, to join in a dance then forming.

Hervey remarked with vexation the glances that passed between them, when the evolutions of the dance brought them together; and, to heighten his chagrin, his gay partner made frequent remarks

on his inattention to the figure, declaring she believed him too much attracted by her charms, which were adorned by the blue ribbon in her cap.

When the dance concluded, Edward prevailed on his fair partner to take some slight refreshment, and was leading her to the farther end of the room, when his father entered, with the same unconcern he would have done in a coffee-room, and in the same dress:—"What, my old friend, Sir Jasper!" cried he, running up to the citizen—"Why I hav'n't seen you since we met at the corporation dinner, where Deputy Double eat himself into a surfeit! Master Mobile has a fine night of it here—No sneaking.—Devil take me, but I love to dance through life!"

"Why," replied Sir Jasper, "a short life and a merry one is a pleasant thing," as

“ as the saying is.—But, as the saying is,
“ all play, and no work, is not quite the
“ thing neither.”

“ O burn it!” cried Ranson, “ what
“ signifies what the saying is:—I never
“ mind what the world says the snuff of
“ a farthing candle.—Give me the man
“ that takes the world as it goes, splashes
“ through life, and laughs at sorrow!
“ all in the way of business.—Pray,
“ ma’am,” turning to the unweildy partner
of the little man, “ shall I lead you
“ down a dance?”

“ I must intreat you will excuse
“ me, sir,” said she, affectedly; “ I
“ really have not practised some time
“ through my giddy husband here would
“ have led me into *Del Caro's* minuet.—
“ O dear, I wish this cough would leave
“ me; it always comes just—just when
“ I would not have it.”

“ I always.

“ I always thought Sir Jasper a gallant
“ fellow,” returned Ranson.—“ But ab-
“ solutely, ma’am, if you don’t think my
“ figure will disgrace you, a single turn
“ will be of infinite service.—Motion!
“ motion is the only radical cure for a
“ cough! it condenses the bile, rarifies
“ the—hem—. Permit me, ma’am; what
“ shall we call for?”

The attention of the whole company was now attracted by the exhibition of so strange a couple, Mr. Ranson being in an undress, with his hair half powdered, and, in fact, the same as he came from the counting house; while his partner was decorated with a profusion of ornaments, and could scarcely move beneath an exuberance of person, and encumbrance of years.

The observation of the company was diverted by the grimaces of Ranson, who seemed endeavouring to raise the laugh
of

of ridicule on himself and his partner, by imitating her awkward attempts at gracefulness; and, to say truth, they could be paralleled by nothing but an itinerant Savoyard teaching a bear to dance; and, as a finish to the folly of the attempt, he called for the tune of *woo'd and married and d.*

“ ‘Pon my soul!” cried Lord Dolittle, “ this Ranson’s a droll dog.—Suppose we take out some old dowager to make up the party?” — “ Bravo!” cried Harry; “ seek for yourself, and I’ll engage that young lady you see languishing in the corner.” He immediately hastened to the side of Miss Wimple, who was the only daughter of a mercer in the Minories. She sat in a reclining posture, with salts in one hand, and a fan in the other, affecting to ape the ridiculous airs of a lady of ton:—“ May I have the honour, Miss,” said Harry, bowing ridiculously,

culously, " of leading you down a
" dance ?"

" Me !" said she, in a soft lengthened
tone and languishing air :—" Ah ! I do
" not think I could not support it—I am
" already stifled, suffocated with heat—
" I am killed to death with the noise—
" My poor head is torn to fritters."

" I'm extremely sorry," returned
Harry, laughing : " but, in my opinion,
" just to go down a dance, to the tune of
" *woo'd and married and à*, would restore
" your spirits."

" O la !" cried she ; " I declare I
" should be shaken to bits : I am certain
" my poor frame could not exist under
" it.—Heigho ! I wish I had not come ;
" but I always expects pleasure, but ne-
" ver finds it."

" Shall

“ Shall I be the guide of your search?” interrupted Hervey, who was leaning over the back of a vacant chair. “ I promise to restore you to life and health.”

“ Ah do !” said she vacantly : “ I would give the world to taste the satisfaction of health.”

“ And for a much less price, I would undertake a radical cure.”

“ Let’s hear,” cried Harry, “ how you would treat so delicate a subject ?” “ In the first place,” said he, “ we must forgo the reading of novels, till such time as they can be read without a desire of imitating the follies they hold up to ridicule.”

“ I should die, I declare,” said she, fanning herself : “ I protest the very idea has nearly made me faint. Leave off reading novels !—

“ novels!—I wouldn’t do *no* such thing!
“ Oh! you might as well take away my
“ existence at once!—They are food,
“ life, every thing to me! The dear
“ little delightful novels!”

“ In the second place, you must not
“ lay with your knees up to your head
“ till eleven in the morning; but rise
“ early, and help to prepare the break-
“ fast. After that, you should stir about
“ the house, and not sit down to dream
“ yourself into the vapours. — You
“ should ——.”

“ Oh, hold!” cried she, “ you brute!
“ I declare you have shocked my nerves
“ to such a degree, I am quite in a tre-
“ mor!—Heigho! if you would not see
“ me die, for mercies sake a little wa-
“ ter.” So saying, she leaned her head
back upon the chair, and was actually
almost resolved to faint, when their at-
tention was universally engaged by a
loud

loud burst of laughter, and slowly she ventured to raise her eyes to discover the occasion.

The object of so much mirth was Deputy Wandle, a carcase butcher, and who now entered the room in his best suit of velveteen, with his hat on the end of a crab cudgel. His bob-wig, to the astonishment of the company, emitted clouds of smoke, and the scent of burning hair gave a symptom of fire.

"I hope, Miss," said Hervey, "your
"fit will be effectually prevented; for
"burnt hair, or feathers are allowed
"substitutes for water; and nearly as
"efficacious as the consecrated parings
"of a Monk's toe. Permit me to de-
"fire Mr. Wandle will pay his respects
"to you?"

"I sha'n't do *no* such thing!" said the
lady,

lady, pouting ; but Hervey, without waiting a reply, hastened to inquire into the cause of this phenomenon, which had drawn all the company from their partners ; a circle being formed round the deputy, whose figure was extremely ludicrous.—His hat had changed places with his wig, which from the point of his stick continued to emit volleys of smoke, for which he could not account.

“ Pray, fir,” said Harry, “ were the
“ sparks that first kindled this conflagra-
“ tion emitted from the interior of the
“ head ?”

“ Haa,” cried he, staring, “ what
“ d’ye talk of sparks from my head
“ about ! do you think I’m an *electric* ma-
“ chine ?”

“ No, my good fir,” said Hervey,
“ he was wrong in the allusion : I should
“ rather

“ rather suppose your barber has played
“ you some trick, and given you a wig
“ intended for *Guy Faux*.”

“ And how so ?” cried he sharply,
for his vexation had ruffled his temper :
“ D’ye think I look like *Guy Faux* !—haa.
“ And pray, sir,” turning round to Do-
little, “ what d’ye grin at ? ayn’t it
“ enough that my best church and coun-
“ cil wig should be spoiled ?”

“ Why aye,” said Sir Jasper, “ as the
“ saying is, I must own its extremely—
“ that is, I mean, I should not have liked
“ the accident, as the saying is.”—“ And
“ what the d—l,” cried Ranfon, “ signi-
“ fies a word about an old ram’s wool
“ wig, that’s been a hack for half a cen-
“ tury ! Come, man, take off your hat,
“ and I’ll engage you a partner.”

“ A ram’s wool wig !” repeated the
citizen with indignation ; “ it ayn’t any
“ such

“such thing! but an suppose it were,
“’tis paid for master Ranson, and cost
“me a guinea and a half, the very week
“I was married, and my boy Dick is
“now rising fourteen!”

“And how much may it have cost
“you for powder during that time,”
asked a gentleman? — “Why not so
“much in a year, as it does Chamberlain
“Ward in a week; I always make flour
“do; but to-night we were short, as we
“had a good suet pudding to dinner;
“and not liking to come ungenteeled, I
“bid Bob dust it with a little dry lime.”
“Dry lime!” repeated the gentleman!
“And I suppose, sir, you walked without
“your hat, that you might not derange
“the curls, and the rain has occasioned
“all this mischief.”

The mystery being thus unravelled,
an universal roar of laughter so discom-
posed the deputy, that he retired in
confusion.

Lord

Lord Dolittle, who had hitherto been engaged with Harry, but who was now ranging round the room in search of some partner, who might not discredit the selection of Mr. Ranson, found Cinthelia alone, Edward having that instant left her, to endeavour to restrain the folly of his father.

"Is it possible, Miss," cried he, "is it not a solecism in nature, that so much beauty and elegance can be permitted to remain alone? or have you discarded as beneath you the whole herd of city admirers?"

"Neither, sir. — My friend is just stepped to speak to his father." — "Do I guess right in supposing Harry Mabile the happy man you call your friend? — Ha! I intreat your pardon, Miss: positively, I did not recollect you — Your name, I presume, is Henderson?" Cinthelia bowed. — "I am then

“ then right—you are the divine crea-
“ ture my friend has been attempting to
“ describe ; but though his language
“ was romantic, he fell infinitely beneath
“ the original. Were all young ladies
“ like you, I should often be tempted to
“ this end of the town ; but absolutely
“ now, the city is the most insipid place
“ in life, and the court is quite a bore ;
“ don’t you think so ? ” — “ I never had
“ the honour of being there.”

“ Take it on my word, you have not
“ had a great loss ; for what with the
“ sinking of high life, in imitating the
“ low ; and what with the low, rising to
“ imitate the high, there’s no difference in
“ life ; but that the one games and swears
“ more than the other, and the other
“ eats more than them.”

“ You are very characteristic in your
“ descriptions, sir,” said she, smiling—
“ I think both are much obliged to you ;

“ for

"for at least in vice you place them on
"a level;"

"I always was allowed a *charicature*,"
returned he bowing; "but is my friend
"Harry to be the happy man?"

"I hope he is, sir, though not if
"you suppose me necessary to render
"him so."—"Perhaps, Miss, he has
"not ventured in person to declare the
"first passion of his soul?"

"Nor do I suppose, he has delegated
"that office to you?"—"No, I thank
"him," bowing with grimace; "he
"knew too well the danger of ap-
"proaching perfection so apparent, to
"put a fellow made of touchwood on
"the hazardous office; but, since for-
"tune has been so kind, let me not
"lose the opportunity of telling you,
"that my heart has paid homage to
"your divine charms!"

"I know

“ I know not,” replied Cinthelia,
“ whether misplaced flattery is not an
“ insult ; and the best construction we
“ can put upon it is, by supposing you
“ mean *nothing* !”

“ You are too severe, upon my soul !
“ Nor is there a compliment we can pay
“ to worth and beauty, which you do
“ not merit.—Would you believe me
“ now, were I to tell you your eyes
“ wanted soft penetration — beaming
“ with sense ; that your cheeks were
“ without the pure tint of ethereal
“ health ; and that your features, ac-
“ tions, and form, were less than an-
“ gelic ?—No, by heaven ! the fallacy
“ would die away unuttered, and my
“ faltering would confess the truth.”

“ Worse and worse,” cried Cinthelia :
“ this is mere bombast ; fitting only for
“ purling streams and shady groves,
“ such as, no doubt, you judge I have
“ hitherto

" hitherto been used to ; and I give you
" credit for your wit in adopting your
" discourse to your company."

" Pardon me there," cried he ; " while
" in company with perfection, language
" itself cannot hold an equal discourse ;
" but you wish to parry my humble sup-
" plication, which is for one smile on
" your humble servant."

Cinthelia was about to reply, when
Miss Louisa, tripping up, tapped her
over the shoulder with her fan, and
inquired what she had done with Edward,
and if she was going to join in the next
dance?

" Ah ! my dear creature," cried Do-
little, turning suddenly round, " I have
" been seeking you all over the room—
" you are absolutely enchanting to-
" night—absolutely, I don't think lady
" Betty's new red is finer.—Come, we
" will

“ will trip down another dance, and
“ then I’m off to Lady Fardle’s rout.”
So saying, he led off Louisa, slightly
bowing to Cinthelia, who was dumb
with astonishment at behaviour so al-
together new, and to her inconsistent
with honour; for she could not conceive
how a man could make speeches so ar-
dent, yet be wholly unconcerned; and
she felt in reality, degraded, by sup-
posing herself an object of passing im-
pertinence.

Edward returned opportunely to re-
store her tranquillity; for, how easy is it
to distinguish sincerity from gallantry.—
The manner, every glance was superior
to the efforts of art; and she now won-
dered how any woman could take for
truth insincerity so glaring; and suppose,
because a man says so, that at a first in-
terview he is dying for love.

Edward had vainly endeavoured to
prevent

present the follies of his father; and returned to console himself with the company of Cinthelia, whose smiles were a balm to the irritations of pride; and the remarks of the company were no longer noticed. The rest of the evening was passed in conversation uninterrupted, Hervey having early quitted the room, to avoid the impertinences of the little coquet, and the presence of one he now feared as a rival. But though their conversation was pleasing, the subjects were general, Edward not once glancing towards that passion, which is usually made the topic of discourse with the fair, even when the heart is disinterested; for, let a woman's mind be ever so vacant, she can discourse with eloquence, on love, dress, and the weather.

On their way home, he was equally silent, though his constrained manner indicated a desire of saying what timidity or some more weighty reason prevented.

He ventured to press her hand to his lips, when they arrived at the door, and in a low voice pronounced—sweet Cinthelia. The opening of the door prevented further explanation, and Cinthelia, under pretence of fatigue, retired instantly to her chamber, where her busy reflection presented again every sentence he had uttered, with the accompanying glance, confirming her almost to conviction, in the supposition of their mutual passion. The words, *sweet Cinthelia*, revibrated like music in her ear, and repeating sweet Cinthelia, she fell asleep.

CHAP. V.

Her image shall my days beguile,
 And still my dream shall be,
 The tuneful voice and tender smile,
 Though ne'er vouchsaf'd to me.

JEFFREYS.

ON the following afternoon, Patience Brianton, with her mother, paid a visit to the Hendons, in the true style of friendship, without either parade or formality. The characters of their neighbours were unimpeached, and scandal became dumb. Who was next to swell the list of bankrupts, afforded them no diversion; and if the subject of ruin was touched, it was to lament the folly or misfortune of individuals. Perhaps some may not readily conceive what sub-

ject would entertain a party of ladies, with whom dress was not a matter of comment; simply, then, the wants and hardships of the laborious mechanic, and the burdens of retail shop-keepers, afforded much to discuss, on them falling nearly the whole burden of the day; for, as to the vagabond poor, and the man of money, no new difficulty can touch them.

Yet, though Cinthelia and Patience readily joined in those topics, they were not to them the subjects nearest their heart; and after tea they retired to the chamber of the former, who displayed her little library, and entertained her friend with a few tunes on the guittar.

"Howl of ten saw on W. damb onus
or" I am very fond of music," said Patience; "but our people are so rigid, that I can seldom be so entertained. Thee wast at Louisa Mobile's last night, I am told?"

"Yes,"

" Yes," replied Cinthelia; " Edward
" was my partner for the night; and I
" should ask your pardon for taking him
" from your house.—Do you not think
" him an agreeable young man?"

" Yes," returned she, blushing and
looking down, " I do think him agree-
" able, and so wouldst thee, if thee knew
" as much of him as I do."

Ah! thought Cinthelia, without that
knowledge, he is to me but too agree-
able; and I fear to you he is more than
agreeable; but, stifling those reflections,
she replied; — " Undoubtedly, com-
" pany is the only means of gaining a
" certain knowledge of the temper; but
" Edward appears good-natured at first
" sight.—Perhaps you are acquainted
" with some particular action?"

" Thee knowest, no doubt, the irre-
" gularity of his father, which is con-

“stantly involving him in embarrass-
“ments; and, more than once, Edward
“has sold part of his funded property,
“to great disadvantage, to relieve him.”

“I have often received hints,” said
Cinthelia, “of Mr. Ranfon’s folly; but
“I have never yet gained any certain
“information, as the delicacy of my
“parents prevents their saying much,
“even to me.”

“I am sorry, extremely so,” replied
Patience, “because I do fear, that, un-
“less he reforms, he will involve him-
“self and thy parents in much trouble.
“My father being in the banking busi-
“ness, often has notes, to a very large
“amount, which James Mobile takes
“up, and draws again upon Ranfon,
“with interest; so that Ranfon is worse
“than nothing, if Mobile protests his
“notes.”

“Good

“ Good heavens !” cried Cinthelia,
“ what a dreadful system ! Is this the
“ way the appearance of affluence is
“ supported !—But can my father pos-
“ sibly be acquainted with so ruinous a
“ proceeding ?”

“ Undoubtedly, for more than once
“ he has been obliged to honour one of
“ these notes of accommodation, that
“ have been drawn on a country bank,
“ and circulated for some time with com-
“ mission and interest.—My father has
“ often thought of ceasing to discount
“ these fictitious bills ; but, for the sake
“ of Edward, and the security of Mo-
“ bile, he sometimes will.”

“ What a prospect of ruin have you
“ laid before me !” exclaimed Cinthelia,
“ what dreadful infatuation to continue
“ in a practice, that must inevitably
“ fail at last !”

“ I do assure thee,” said Patience,
“ there is scarce any practice more com-
“ mon, and, if it were a subject of en-
“ tertainment, I could let thee into
“ many secrets of banking, which would
“ surprize thee.—Thee wouldst then see,
“ that many of thy acquaintance, who
“ keep an equipage, have in truth scarce
“ fixpence of their own.”

As the young ladies were not much engaged by mercantile calculations, and the speculations of projectors and monopolists, their conversation again reverted to the point from whence it had degressed, and Edward again became the subject of debate:—His benevolence to the distressed; his kindness to all around him, and his sobriety of behaviour, was a theme on which Patience was not soon exhausted, nor Cinthelia soon weary of hearing: but the secret of a more tender attachment did not escape her lips—not from a sense of impropriety, but that
extreme

extreme delicacy, which forbore to confide what might have been deemed a weakness.

The tone of her voice, the expression of her eyes, and the glow which at times tinted the soft cheeks of Patience, were to Cinthelia so many tokens of what she feared to know, inspiring at once fear, pity, and jealousy.

To have been certain would have afforded some relief; but if certain in what she feared, honour and generosity would bind her down, and embarrass her actions; thus she remained in almost the same uncertainty, with more favourable impressions of the merit of Edward. She was now seriously alarmed at the prospect of approaching ruin, which more nearly stared her in the face, and was at a loss to account for the infatuation of a man, who, finding himself descending, not only advanced his fall with

with precipitation, but endeavoured to draw others down the same gulph of ruin, when a little caution might have relieved him; but his behaviour to the generous Edward struck her, as something more than common profligacy, as an inherent taste for evil, and a soul so mean, that even his son could not escape his designs.

She wished for an opportunity of speaking to Edward himself, upon the subject; but from some motive his visits were extremely rare: — this desire of avoiding her, she would have imputed to the charms of Patience, had not his pale cheek, and dejected countenance, informed her, that internal grief preyed upon his heart. — The *instinct* (if you will) which nature has formed between those who love, readily informed her, that this dejection arose from the delicacy of his principles, which would not allow him to offer his hand and his heart, when he had

had no prospect of supporting the woman of his choice.—She saw, too, that he gave place to Mr. Hervey, when they happened to meet; and she also saw that her parents treated the latter with more openness than formerly. She had refused Mr. Danby, because ignorant of their distress; but if urged by them, she felt that she should accept Mr. Hervey, merely from motives of duty; for as to sentiments of a more tender nature, none of these were attached to him.

Mr. Hervey was one of those strange characters, who act as they think best, without consulting custom.—If he addressed a woman, it was not by flattery, but by his eyes, and his attention, till he fancied she returned that address, by the same tacit mode of discourse.—He seemed to traverse round a woman till he had enveloped her in the toils of love, before he made any direct approach; and his reason was, that flattery, like a cloud,

cloud, darkened the powers of reason, and often drew an affirmative from a woman, she ever afterwards repented. By delaying an explanation, she, as well as himself, had time to discover any imperfection or objection, and might retract with honour.

These reasons were, however, unknown to Cinthelia; but she saw with regret, that he seemed to build upon the reception her parents gave him, and upon her own; for it was not in her nature to treat any man with rudeness, who professed a value for her, though his silence distressed, it being impossible she should first introduce the subject; and as long as he forbore explanation, she could not undeceive him.—The behaviour of young Mobile, on the other hand, was equally provoking: he never enjoyed her company alone for five minutes, without launching into every extravagant expression of passion, and almost demanding a return.—

return.—Denial was of no use, as he termed it mere affectation.—If she looked serious, she was a prude, and only wished to try his patience; and his flattery so often approached to bombast, that, while he urged her to accept his hand, she had some difficulty to believe him serious.—She wished not to trouble her parents with things so trivial, and hoped that a little time would equally weary the patience of both; but in this point she was deceived: love in the one case, and obstinacy in the other, only contributed to strengthen their pretensions.

Mobile, who was naturally giddy, from an error in his education, frequently supplied want of steadiness by obstinacy; and, having been flattered by the ladies, who told him he was irresistible, he mistook what was meant of his purse for his person, and wondered any woman could possibly refuse him.—To say truth, his person was far from contemptible, and might

might alone have gained him the hearts of many: nor was it to his person Cinthelia objected; it was his manners, his habits, and connections—all equally inimical to domestic life.

The difficulty of the conquest would soon have disgusted him, but for the encomiums and raillery of his companions, who, while they blazoned in high colours the beauty and accomplishments of Cinthelia, touched his pride, by declaring he could never get her; that a fellow like him was not calculated to gain the affections of so fine a girl; and that the whining Hervey would carry her from his arms: in fact, they went so far as to lay considerable bets against him, and some hundred pounds depended on his winning her before the expiration of the summer.

Mr. Mobile, who was a man of penetration, saw his son with pleasure attach himself

himself to Cinthelia, whose economy he judged more than a counterpoise to a fortune, and inclination to spend two; he therefore advanced the suit as much as he could with prudence, by accommodating Ranson, who, being in his debt, would more readily forego the interest of Edward, and become an advocate for his son, in case Cinthelia should object—a thing he did not altogether think very probable.

One Sunday, when Edward happened to be at church with the Hendons, he observed the ring on Cinthelia's finger, which Mr. Danby had given her, inquiring, at the same time, if it was not a token of friendship from any one she esteemed.

"You may be certain I esteem them," returned she, "or I should not wear a gift of remembrance."—"Would you believe,"

"believe," said Mrs. Hendon, smiling,
"it is the gift of an unfortunate lover?"

"Rather say fortunate, madam; for
"any man must esteem himself fortunate,
"whose memory your daughter
"thus recalls to her mind."

"Fortunate, or otherwise," said Cinthelia, looking at him with meaning,
"he is *discarded*!"—Edward seemed to understand her, but continued musing to the end of their walk.

Cinthelia had arisen early one morning, with intention to finish a book, (which had engaged her attention), before the usual hour of preparing breakfast, when, on descending into the dining room, she was surprized at hearing Edward and his father in the parlour.

"I am satisfied, Ned," said Ranson,
"you

" you speak as you think : but what the
 " d—I signifies argument after the busi-
 " ness is done !—I have had such cursed
 " luck lately, that I must absolutely
 " smash !"

" But is there no way ?—Will not a
 " little patience and economy bring you
 " about again ?"

" Patience and the devil !—No ; it's
 " all up !—That d—d note, which was
 " protested yesterday, will blow us, and
 " all the miscreants in town will be on
 " us with a tribe of flesh flies * ! But,
 " d—e ! suppose we do smash, it's all in
 " the way of business ; and, as to the
 " world, I don't value the opinion of
 " the world the snuff of a farthing
 " candle !"

Here a silence of some moments en-

* Bailiffs.

fued ;

fused; moments that to Cinthelia were dreadfully painful; in which ruin, disgrace, and poverty were crowding upon her fancy.—But again the voice of Edward claimed her attention.

“Can I do any thing for you?—I am
“grieved the worthy Hendons should
“share in our ruin.—How much is the
“note? Perhaps taking that up may
“procure a reprieve.”

“It is 500l. One of those d—d run-
“ning boys that gather like a snow
“ball!”

“Five hundred pounds! What shall
“I do!—But will you, after this, endea-
“vour to recover your affairs? Consi-
“der, fir, not only yourself, but those
“who have no right to partake the dis-
“grace, will be overwhelmed in one
“common destruction: for myself I
“care not.”

“Pray,

"Pray, sir," cried Ranson, "who gave
"you liberty to sermonize?"

"I ask pardon.—Good God! what
"infatuation! —But will 500 for the
"present relieve you?"

"I believe it may; but 'tis of no
"consequence; in a week I may want
"as much more: so we'll smash! Hang
"me if I care for the world: besides, it's
"fashion—all the go—neat ones!"

"How am I situated!" cried Edward.
"Which way shall I turn! Can I see
"the Hendons! O dreadful! What is
"five hundred pounds, compared with
"the peace of those we love! Yes, let
"me purchase another week's tranquil-
"lity, at any price!"

"I won't have the money!" cried
Ranson, in a sulky voice, and walking
about: "This very day we'll stop!"

"No,

"No, no; hear me, I beg:—I have
"a thousand left of the legacy my uncle
"bequeathed: this day you shall take
"up the note—Let me beseech you, for
"your own sake, let me."

"No reproaches!" cried Ranson:—
"You are a generous fellow.—But will
"Brianton come down the money?"

Here their conversation was continued in a voice too low to be heard; and Cinthelia, gasping for breath, staggered to one of the chairs, where she sat for some time, almost deprived of sensation. The chief reflection that glanced on her mind was, that for her sake, Edward was about to part with half the remains of his fortune.—Was it generous in her to procure a week's respite from disgrace, by suffering so great a sacrifice, when she was convinced, by the words of his father, how temporary the expedient was: urged, therefore, by a sense of justice, she hastened

tened down stairs, as well as her confusion would permit: she opened the door, where Edward was sitting, leaning his head upon the table; but so many painful reflections at once overcame her, that, without being able to articulate a word, she sat down, and burst into tears.

He started instantly from his reverie; he ran towards her, and taking her hand, inquired eagerly what had affected her?

"Too generous Edward," cried she, "leave us, leave us to disgrace alone, and do not needlessly destroy yourself!"

"What am I!" cried he: "Think not of me, O Miss Hendon! My soul is torn with grief, that the inadvertencies of my father should bring to want perfection like your's!"

"This,"

"This," said she, growing more calm,
"is an ill hour for compliment.—I have
"accidentally heard your discourse with
"your father—I know that our ruin is
"inevitable; but why should you in-
"crease it with your own?"

"Generous, excellent Cinthelia! these
"are the sentiments of a heart pure as
"thine: but what is fortune to me, or
"even life, if it cannot serve to shield
"you from that misery my father has
"produced.—He has promised to re-
"form; he seemed touched at accepting
"what he knew I could not easily spare;
"but happy, happy should I be, if a
"much greater sacrifice could procure
"you ease."

"Let us," said Cinthelia, with a rising
blush, and something like a returning
smile, "endeavour then, on our parts,
"to confirm his reformation.—We will
"consult

"consult with my father; and hereafter
"trust me with any circumstance that
"arises.—Are we not friends?"

"Dear and ever precious to my soul
"be the name!—Yes, sweetest Cinthelia,
"my heart rejoices in owning a friend-
"ship for you; and, to prove its sincerity, what would I not perform!"

"You have already done more than
"sufficient; even friendship itself should
"have bounds."

"But true friendship is superior to
"confinement; and, as Pope says,

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows,"

"Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;

"One should our interests and our passions be;

"My friend must hate the man who injures me."

"But we," said Cinthelia, "may
"perform acts of friendship and kindness,
"without soaring into passion; for,
"surely,

“surely, a friendship so perfect never
“existed under the name of love.”

“If,” replied Edward, “you felt that
“passion, perhaps you would retract
“your opinion.—What is there a true
“lover will not perform! Yes, he must,
“he would promote the happiness of
“his mistress, though at the price of ruin
“to himself:—he would even endeavour
“to engage her to another, to the eter-
“nal destruction of his hopes, if certain
“those hopes could never meet comple-
“tion, unattended by a reverse of her
“prosperity.—Yes, sweetest Cinthelia,
“dearest friend, a true lover would
“promote only the good of his mistress,
“though himself should perish in silent
“anguish!”

At these words the passion of Edward
affected him too much for utterance; a
tear started from his eye; while Cinthe-
lia partook of the sympathy; and, unable

to

to give expression to his feelings, he suddenly pressed her hand to his lips, and withdrew.

Cinthelia allowed her emotion to subside in tears ;—she now saw clearly how dear she was to Edward, and the reasons that prevented a more explicate declaration, which rendered him more worthy than ever in her eyes. But, alas! the gay fancies of prosperity began to fade before her: she saw that now choice was no longer in her power, and that poor, and perhaps friendless, she might soon have to procure existence by labour—Who then, of her present admirers, would court her acceptance, when the sunshine of fortune was obscured? who, of all her gay companions, would notice the fallen Cinthelia?

Such were her reflections at the near prospect of ruin; and who, just advancing into life, with all the juvenile

visions of future happiness, could forego them without a murmur, or stifle a rising sigh, at a remembrance of the slights they must receive, from those who had been their companions and equals?

The mind of Cinthelia was compounded of materials not commonly the attributes of beauty; it had been stored with the councils of maternal friendship, and the precepts of pure morality: she did not, therefore, long give way to fruitless repining, but, concealing her tears, prepared for breakfast, arranging many things she wished to say to her parents; for she could not suppose them acquainted with the dreadful chasm beneath them.

This intention was, however, disappointed by the unusual appearance of Mr. Ranson at breakfast, who spoke and acted with an air so unembarrassed, that Cinthelia was confounded with amazement,

ment, and knew not whether to impute it to a heart callous to every impressi^on, or to a mind restored to ease, from a conscious plan of determined reformation.

She could find no opportunity even to hint her concern, and her surprize was increased at a more than usual pleasure on the countenance of her mother. After breakfast her father and his partner withdrew; and to lead, if possible, to the subject under which her mind was uneasy, she ventured to inquire if any happy event had taken place?

“ Yes, my dearest love,” replied Mrs. Hendon, “ Mr. Ranfon, I hope, will become another creature. He has this morning asked our pardon, for the difficulties he has at times involved us in, and given me a note of five hundred pounds, which is to be paid to-day.— He is gone with your father, to procure,

“if possible, payment from a country creditor.”

“But” asked Cinthelia, “did he inform you from whom he procured the money?”

“No, my dear, nor did I think it necessary to inquire.”

Cinthelia was now unable to decide, whether she should confide to her mother the generosity of Edward, or wait the promised reform of his father. It was evident the latter desired concealment, or he would himself have explained the resource, and perhaps, for she feared to take any step wrong, it might hurt his pride to mention the circumstance. She concluded at last to wait for some incident that might fix the irresolution of her thoughts, hoping with the sanguine expectance of youth, that all might yet be well.

In

In the afternoon Mr. Hervey made his appearance, to the vexation of Cinthelia, who had hoped, at least, to pass one day without his interruption; for now she wished in tranquillity to think on the actions of Edward, and on the possibilities and uncertainties of their future marriage. So situated, she could not but return his civilities with a coldness approaching to chagrin, which so much affected the delicacy of Mr. Hervey, that he sat down in a window to conceal his emotion.

He began to fear, that what he had hitherto interpreted as presumptions in his favour, was merely politeness, and that he had bestowed his affections where he should not meet a return: he had suspended any direct declaration, that her choice might be unbiafed by a chance impression, and her reason have full power to determine; he had flattered himself, from the gentleness of her

H 3

behaviour,

behaviour, that he was not altogether an object of indifference; but this unexpected coolness withered at once the half expanding prospects of felicity that arose in his fertile mind, and determined him no longer to play with his fate, but learn at once the extent of all he had to fear.

In this determination, he waited thro' the afternoon, though all his talents were necessary to conceal his chagrin; but it was not till after tea, that the opportunity he sought presented, in the absence of Mrs. Hendon, who, being attacked by a slight head-ache, begged leave to retire. Cinthelia would have left the room likewise, but she had no desire to play the coquet, rather wishing for, than seeking to delay, an explanation.

“You are extremely good,” said Hervey, “in allowing me a few moments
“of your company—How many young
“ladies

“ ladies would have played the tyrant,
“ and left the lover to his own imagi-
“ nations.”

“ And assuredly,” replied she, — “ if
“ Mr. Hervey assumes so trifling a cha-
“ racter, he will oblige me to retire,
“ though not from a motive of ty-
“ ranny.”

“ Were I to *assume* the character, I
“ should not expect any other than your
“ contempt; but if your irresistible
“ charms, both of person and mind,
“ have fascinated my soul, and fixed me
“ your lover, will you not allow me
“ the delusion of hope?”

“ I know not,” said she, “ how to
“ reply; if you are serious, I am seri-
“ ously sorry; if only gallant, it is a
“ character unfitting Mr. Hervey, though
“ I have heard he at times can be gal-
“ lant.”

“ With you, Miss,” replied he,
“ trifling may be banished, and the ge-
“ nuine sentiments of the heart appear
“ without disguise. The hint you have
“ given has certainly some foundation;
“ I am aware that by many I am called
“ the inconstant Harry, and included in
“ the general herd of our sex: but who
“ can be constant, in spite of pride, pe-
“ tulence, trifling, and the most un-
“ bounded extravagance?—If we pay
“ the tribute of our affections to a
“ young lady, endowed, as we imagine,
“ with every perfection to render the
“ marriage state a state of supreme feli-
“ city, is our inconstancy blameable,
“ when a little time discovers, in place
“ of this, all the airs of a puerile fancy,
“ with a vacuity of reflections, or a
“ mind delighting to torment her lover?
“ A modern courtship is too generally
“ a circle of absurdities: the lady must
“ be praised into a divinity, raptures
“ must be feigned that were never felt,
“ every

“ every fault that she suffers to escape,
“ must be varnished over as a beauty, or
“ totally unseen; he must bear with the
“ most childish trifling; if he has sense,
“ he must become a fool; folly, insin-
“ cerity, and dissimulation, are his only
“ sure guides; but if disgusted with the
“ tyranny of the fair goddess his fancy
“ and his tongue has created, if he finds
“ in her faults that would perpetually
“ bar against happiness, and by an effort
“ disengages himself, he is an inconstant
“ vile man, and the poor dear innocent
“ was basely used.”

“ Certainly,” said Cinthelia, laugh-
ing, “ you must be a favourite with the
“ ladies, and I am much obliged to you
“ for your advice.”

“ Not at all; to you, Miss, I would
“ not in this case offer advice, because
“ I have found in your actions so much
“ native

“ native candor, that you will not err
“ by consulting yourself.”

“ I intreat,” said she, archly, “ that
“ I may not be raised into a divinity, for
“ assuredly you will find me allied to
“ humanity.”

“ I thank you,” returned Hervey,
smiling: “ in reply to you I will not use
“ the language which is the only pass-
“ port to the attention of most young
“ ladies.—You are acquainted with my
“ desire of finding some female of me-
“ rit, who can pass with me the short
“ period of this life, and be a companion
“ as well as friend.”

Cinthelia was silent.

“ You know, I believe, that I have
“ been repeatedly disappointed, that
“ the object of my search was not to be
“ found amongst my acquaintance, and

“ I began

“ I began to believe I had created to
“ myself a shade that I should pursue,
“ but never obtain : but when I beheld
“ the modest unaffected manners of Cin-
“ thelia Hendon—Hear me ! I intreat,
“ worthiest of women !—when I saw her
“ piety, her obedience, and meekness of
“ disposition, here, thought I, I have
“ discovered the object of my search ;
“ but yet the beauty of your person
“ led me to fear a rejection, and I he-
“ sitated to inquire my fate.—Dearest
“ Cinthelia ! on you it rests to give
“ pleasure to my future existence —
“ or deliver me again to disappoint-
“ ment, with the additional sorrow of
“ certainty, that my wishes will never
“ meet completion !”

“ That,” replied Cinthelia, with a
tear nearly starting, for she could not
unmoved hear sentiments like these from
a man such as Hervey ; “ that, sir, I
“ hope, is only the fear of a warm ima-
gination,

"gination, or your professions in my
 "favour would grieve me much.—I am
 "sensible of the obligation of your offer;
 "but, situated as I am, it is wholly and
 "for ever impossible I should be your's.
 "You see I have adopted your sincerity
 "of expression; and now, if we are
 "again to meet, let it be as friends, for
 "beyond that, believe, and be certain,
 "you will never be any thing to me."

Hervey, while she pronounced this sentence, turned extremely pale, and with difficulty preserved himself from sinking on the floor; for her rejection, though he had scarcely hoped any other, appeared to destroy every chance of finding a companion to his choice; but, after a little struggle with the poignancy of his feelings, and looking a moment at the object of his love, who was not uninterested, he replied, in a voice which trembled as he spoke:

"Am

“Am I to infer, that any thing depends on your *situation*, or that any change would make an alteration in my favour?—You do not know me, if you think fortune can have any influence!—No Miss—no Cinthelia, it is you, and you alone, I fight for!”

“Your generosity,” answered she, sighing in turn, “must receive my acknowledgments; but I really—”

“Why hesitate! what would you express!” said he, catching at her confusion—“If you would tell me you are without fortune, I know it.—I know at this moment the whole of your circumstances; but I fear, greatly fear, there is an obstacle to me far more unfurmountable.—Edward! Ah! Miss Hendon, you blush! He, I perceive, has superseded the unfortunate Hervey!”

The confusion Cinthelia could not suppress,

suppress, as the charge was sufficient confirmation; and that confusion was by no means done away, by seeing the secret of her inmost thoughts in possession of another; and, almost unconscious what she said, she confirmed, beyond a doubt, what she wished to conceal.

Hervey was too deeply skilled in the human heart, to be deceived by unexperienced modes of equivocation:—he saw at once all the fears under which she must suffer; for he was perfectly acquainted with Mr. Ranson's conduct, its effects, and with a generosity peculiar to himself, he resolved at once to overcome this ill-fated attachment, and evince at the same time his friendship.

“Were I,” said he, in a voice touchingly solemn, “to attempt describing to you my feelings and disappointment, it would be trespassing on your time, and wounding your bosom; for though
“to

“ to me it is shut from any returns of
“ affection, I am well assured it will
“ sigh at the pain it inflicts.—My am-
“ bition then shall be to promote your
“ happiness, and since I am aware of
“ your secret, you shall find that I do
“ not superciliously assume impracti-
“ cable principles.—No, charming Cin-
“ thelia ! if such I am allowed to call
“ you, for such you are, from this mo-
“ ment behold in me a friend, to whom
“ you may confide any wish or desire.
“ Tell me then, if you esteem me wor-
“ thy your confidence, is Edward con-
“ scious of his happiness?”

“ I believe, I think not,” answered
she, blushing deeply, and not daring to
meet his eye.

“ I am not surprised you should have
“ been sensible of his merit; and no
“ other consideration, than supposing
“ him pre-engaged to Patience Brianton,
“ could

“ could have inspired me with the
“ smallest confidence of success.—I have
“ inquired, I have overlooked his mo-
“ tions, and I no longer doubt the reci-
“ procity of your affections.—I can
“ penetrate his motives for silence, and
“ do honour to his discretion.”

Cinthelia ventured to look up.

“ Time may remove the obstacles to
“ your union ; or, if not, I believe you
“ are not above accepting a man with
“ no other recommendation than his
“ merit.”

“ I am not selfish !” replied Cinthelia,
with diffidence ; “ I could suffer the scorn
“ of the world without repining !”

“ I know it,” cried Hervey ; “ I know
“ that you are cast in a mould of hea-
“ venly form ! you are the only woman
“ who has not deceived me ! The man
“ who

“ who possesses you will possess a treasure, had he not fixpence in the world beside:—Happy Edward! yet he is ignorant of the felicity that awaits him.”

“ Without money,” said Cinthelia, “ social enjoyment is a chimera; and I am, I fear, little better than a beggar.”

“ I know,” replied Hervey, “ the situation of affairs; I know that they are worse than nothing; but I never hinted at them, as I hoped you would be mine.”

“ You deserve,” said she, softened by his generosity, “ a more worthy partner than I.” But recollecting the generous action of Edward, she made no scruple of mentioning it; and confiding in Mr. Hervey her hopes and fears, he saw that not the most distant prospect remained

remained for himself, and he adopted the only wise resolution of a man under similar circumstances, which was to fly from the object of his desires.

Cinthelia had not reposed in him her confidence under the seal of secrecy; he evidently saw, that female modesty, on the one hand, and extreme delicacy on the other, prevented an explanation ardently desired by both. Leaving Cinthelia, therefore, to reflections by no means pleasant, he hastened to find Edward, that he might impart to him what he supposed would have elated him with joy; but that sensation was only momentary in the bosom of Edward.—It was indeed a pleasure, almost surpassing description, to learn for certainty that his love was returned, that the bosom of the beautiful and accomplished maid beat responsive to his, and self for a moment would have impelled him to her feet; but he recollected the derangement of their affairs,

fairs; he had no fortune to offer, and the disinterestedness of Cinthelia was not a warrant sufficient for involving her in all the horrors of poverty.

“No,” cried he, while his eye glistered with a tear, and the deepest agitation marked his features; “no, good and amiable girl, I will not, I cannot! Poor wretch that I am, can I ally thee to poverty?—The labour of my hands would not supply what custom has rendered necessary; and love, simple love, is not sufficient for life.”

The romantic Hervey could not agree to this sentiment; he felt, that with a partner like Miss Hendon, he should have turned his back upon the world, and sought a shelter in a cottage, if no higher station was attainable; and he offered many arguments to Edward in favour of a similar plan: he even proposed to settle upon him an annuity of
fifty

fifty pounds, provided he would retire into the country ; but against this the independent spirit of Edward instantly revolted, as he could not consent to live under so great an obligation, and he almost persuaded himself to desire Hervey would renew his addresses, as one more calculated than himself to place Cinthelia in a situation suitable to her worth.

Thus the negociation of Hervey terminated without other fruition than plunging Edward into a more trying situation, where all his resolution was scarcely sufficient to support his prudence ; but much as he desired Cinthelia, ardently as he loved her, the painful train which poverty introduced, stood in array, and he saw no resource, but in stifling his love, and suffering her to form other engagements.

CHAP. VI.

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid *them* part?
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

THOMPSON.

THE visits of Edward were now more seldom than ever, as he feared trusting himself, when a smile or a word might overturn in a moment every cool resolution of prudence. He was acquainted with the pretensions of Mobile; but he knew too much of the disposition of Cinthelia, to suppose she would hesitate a moment in the refusal.

On

On her birth-day, when she entered her twentieth year, a select party of friends met at the house of her father, amongst whom were Edward and Patience.—The latter constantly followed the eye of Edward, whose indifference to herself wrung her heart with torture; for, unknown to himself, he had made a conquest of the fair Quaker.—Timidity had restrained, even from her mother, the secret adoption of her fancy, and she inwardly grieved at a coldness she had penetration enough to observe arose from attachment to another; and that other, she now, beyond doubt, concluded was Cinthelia.

She had frequently wished to mention this inmost secret of her heart to her friend, but her innate modesty always caused the name of Edward to die away on her lips: finding a rival where she had least wished it, she concluded herself without hope; and, not being of a disposition

sition to struggle with adversity, she resolved in silence to forego her claim.

Edward remained after his friends were departed; and being left with Cinthelia, after some little embarrassment, he offered to her acceptance a ring, which he intreated she would wear next to Mr. Danby's.

"And why so?" said she, blushing, and looking at him tenderly:—"You are not a discarded lover."—"No," said he, hesitating, and half stammering: "but I may be equally unhappy.—I wish, however, to remind you of our friendship, by this token."

Cinthelia hung her head, and was silent:—"Poor and cold," said she, at length, "is the friendship, which needs a bauble to preserve its remembrance."

Edward felt himself tremble; the blood
flushed

flushed into his cheeks, and, almost losing his self command, he was going to pour out before her every feeling of his soul, every fond wish of his heart, when the voice of his father, in the passage, chilled the impulses of love, and destroyed in a moment the delusion.—He found himself sick; and pouring out a glass of wine, part of which he spilt upon the table, he faintly wished that every returning birthday might increase her happiness; then hastily saluting her hand, which he wet with a tear, he hurried home to the Briantons.

Cinthelia was so overcome with this behaviour, that she was obliged to have resource to the same antidote, to prevent her fainting.

Like a man bewildered in a dream, Edward arrived at the Quaker's, though not without more than once repenting having lost so fair an opportunity, and reproaching

reproaching himself with pride, for regarding the opinions of mankind, when his own happiness was so essentially concerned.

When he entered the dining room, he was surprised at seeing Patience alone—her eyes red with weeping, and every feature expressive of sorrow:—"How is this, my dear friend?" said he: "I hope no accident has happened?"

"None," said she, blushing through her frame: "But I want to speak to thee, Edward, on matters of moment."

"Surely," said he, sitting down beside her, and wondering at the agitation he saw her in:—"Proceed, my dear Miss Brianton."

"I know," said she, with collected firmness, "that Cinthelia Hendon and
VOL. I. I " thee

“thee are attached to each other; and
“I know, too, that want of wealth alone
“prevents your union.—I am a single
“girl, and intend always to remain so:
“but I wish to see thee happy; and if
“thee wilt marry her, my father shall
“settle on thee one third of my portion,
“which I engage.—Give me thy word,
“then, to marry Cinthelia?”

“Hold!” cried Edward, struck with
astonishment, “charming girl! Should
“I not be a wretch to accept what your
“too soft disposition would bestow!—
“Shall I basely accept what your pity
“would give!—No, Patience, I am not
“so mean! But I——.”

“No buts,” said she, firmly.—“And
“where is the meanness? Is it mean-
“ness to accept the offers of a friend?
“Go,” cried she, rising; “be happy;
“for to see thee so is the first wish of
“my heart!”

“This

“This is too much,” cried Edward, for the first time perceiving the passion which had dictated this more than generous, this heroic action; for he had not assumed to himself those marks of kindness he had always received, imputing them to her meekness of disposition, which was softness itself.—“This is too much,” cried he, “spare me, spare a wretch so unworthy, and believe I shall always remember your goodness.”

“Wilt thee not then,” said she, bursting into tears, “I know thee lovest Cinthelia, and she is worthy to be thy partner, so say no more then Edward, but do as I bid thee.”

Edward gazed upon her, he found it impossible to utter a word: she held out her hand to him with a smile that trembled on her lip. No situation could be more painful to a heart like Edward's;

and unable from circumstances to express his thoughts, he entreated her no more to distress him, by a proposal of impossible performance, and pressing the hand she held out to his lips, he tore himself from her, to contemplate nearly to distraction, the strange situation he was placed in, and the stranger effects of a passion, which sets reason at defiance, and touches the human soul with the extremes of torture and pleasure.

Mobile still continued his persecutions, mistaking inclination and pride for ardent love. Stimulated by his companions, enraged at the supposition of rejection, he determined to leave no expedient untried. His sister was ordered to dwell upon his good qualities to Cinthelia; but that young lady, judging from her own notion of things, continually set him forth as a spirited dashing fellow, who might if he would, run away with the largest fortune in the city.

city. As another commendation, she enlarged on the offer he had received from Miss Tip, the pastry cook's daughter, who was immensely rich, and had fallen in love with him, on seeing him win a large sum from Dolittle and another, who had driven their gigs against his; but one happening to run against a stone, dashed his machine to pieces; the other was thrown into a ditch, and Harry came in triumphant; qualifications like these were not requisites to form a husband to the taste of Cinthelia, and Louisa had sense enough to perceive her total indifference, a circumstance, which, instead of dispiriting her brother, determined him not to give up the chase; and, after some little difficulty, he engaged his father to negotiate with the Hendons.

Mr. Hendon was already under several pecuniary obligations to Mr. Mobile, who in fact possessed the power of establishing

tabliffing or deftroying his credit; he faw, therefore, with forrow, that he could not refuse his confent, lamenting, that nothing beneath the facrifice of his daughter could fave them; he, however, ftipulated for her freedom of refusal, declaring, that rather than put a force on her affections, he would become a beggar. The task of founding her, was left to her mother, who the fame afternoon took an opportunity of mentioning their circumftances and the obligations they had to Mr. Mobile. — Cinthelia could not be blind to her meaning, but evaded as much as poffible fo painful a difcourfe: fhe represented the faults of Harry in fo ftrong a light, that Mrs. Hendon could not urge much in his favour.

Ranfon, who had fome fufpicion of the negociation, and who was now again, as much as ever in want of money, propofed to do Harry out of a fum, by pretended

tended mediation. — In this intent he waited upon him while at breakfast, and amongst other things observed, that Miss Hendon was a d—d fine girl!

“ And d—d proud too!” said Harry. —
“ I’m almost done, I can tell you.”

“ Why how so !” said Ranson, looking surprized, “ I thought you had known girls better ?” — “ No, dash it, if I did resolve on matrimony, I should not be such a flat as that neither — But you lucky dogs expect every fine girl to jump as soon as you cry come. — I believe I know a little of Miss Hendon.”

“ I don’t like to be thrown out, that’s the truth,” cried Mobile, “ and I would give something to be certain, whether she’s got another. — Ayn’t it a cruel thing? — there’s my wager with Bobby Duddle, and that rascal Do-

"little will roast me through the
"club."

"Why," said Ranson, "seriously
"now, and between friends, I do think
"you will be a fool to let such a fine
"girl through your fingers:—I never
"saw such charming eyes in my life;
"and she's so much admired, that,
"really she's too good for you.—But,
"pon my soul! you're a good fellow,
"too, and have lent me the *needy*, or,
"d—e! if you should have her!"

"How the devil would you hinder
"me!" cried Harry, colouring.

"Why, I've a little interest," replied
Ranson, coolly, and lolling back in his
chair:—"I've thought before now of
"marrying her to Ned."

"The devil you have!"

"Yes;

"Yes; but I had a reason"

"You won't hum me with that, now :

"Do you think you have more power
"than her father?"

"No matter," cried Ranson, laying
his hand on the table: "I'll wager you
"five hundred pounds, that I get her
"for you in a month."

"I shan't stand no nonsense," replied
Mobile: "but d—n me! if I don't give
"you half the sum, if you do as you
"say!"

"Will you poz—you're a good fel-
"low, and I'm you're man; give us
"your paw!—But we must have a little
"black and white for it, or I shall for-
"get in the hurry of business."

Thus Cinthelia was transferred by a
bond

bond—another instance, that money is the principle of action in this world.

Ranson began the same day to make his approaches, expatiating on the value of wealth; not only as it procured all the enjoyments of this life, but as it enabled us to dispense them to others; as an instance of both these propositions, he mentioned young Mobile, who, though engaged in every fashionable pursuit, had actually liberated a ruined tradesman, who had been imprisoned for 15l. which had plunged his family into the greatest distress.

This anecdote (which was invented for the purpose) did not wholly miss its intended effect, though Cinthelia saw the design of its relation, and could not but wonder that he should have entered into the interests of Mobile, when she should have thought those of his son more near.

The

The same day Mr. Hendon brought home to tea a young man, of very diffident manners, named Sampton: his dress was equally formal with his expressions; and, during his stay, it was with some difficulty Cinthelia restrained herself from laughter at his awkward attempts at politeness, and the absurdities he uttered for wit.

"Pray," said she to her mother, when he was gone, "where did my father pick up that automaton?"

"You are a strange girl," said her mother, half displeased: "Is there no allowance for country education!—I fear indeed, my dear, you are too difficult to please:—A woman, in this world; must make some sacrifice of inclination; for no man can ever equal the phantoms formed by a lively imagination,"

Cinthelia

Cinthelia looked astonished;—"What, my dear mother," said she, "have I offended in? Surely Mr. Sampton offers no pretensions as a lover?"

"But he does, my dear.—He saw you at Mr. White's, and instantly, as he says, felt himself struck.—He is a man of very extensive connections, and will be very rich, when his father dies: he would not, out of delicacy, speak to you first, because he wished to be honourably introduced by us; and we kept his secret, that he might have a chance of taking you by surprise."

"Surprise, indeed!" returned she, sighing—"I am surprized—Sampton for a husband!—Alas! a young woman, who has the misfortune to attract attention, is extremely miserable."

"Indeed,

“Indeed, Cinthelia,” said her mother,
“you do wrong to adopt these notions:
“a woman’s affections are made by na-
“ture pliant, that they may bend to
“any man.—You have refused Hervey—
“you turned away Danby—you will not
“accept Harry, who seems to love you
“sincerely; and, really, I do not see
“those objections you do in Mr. Samp-
“ton.”

“Must I then only choose, between
“an old man, a fool, and a rake?”

“Hervey was neither.—But do you
“not know that a fool, even supposing
“Sampton one, may, by a little manage-
“ment, make a very good husband?”

“How?” said Cinthelia.—“Should
“we ever be out in company, but I
“should blush when he opened his
“mouth—should I not be obliged to
“conform to a hundred whims he would
“invent,

“invent, to shew his authority; would
“he not play the tyrant, to exhibit his
“power, which he would mistake for
“sense?—Generosity, my dear mother,
“is the principal ingredient in a man’s
“character, which renders life happy:
“but fools are always selfish; they have
“no feeling for others—they are indif-
“ferent to the illness of all around
“them; but, if their own little finger
“achs, the whole house is thrown into
“confusion; and, in fact, a man of this
“description would render life a per-
“petual burden—because, in the most
“weighty, as well as the most insignifi-
“cant circumstances, he will adopt er-
“roneous measures, merely from their
“being his own.”

“But there is such a thing as govern-
“ing a fool,” interrupted her mother.—
“I do not think such a one as you
“could do it by dint of force, but you
“might by opposition and coaxing:—
“fools

“fools are something like ourselves;
“they must be played upon by contra-
“ries.—If you wanted any thing per-
“formed, you need only say—My dear,
“I wonder a man of your *sense* should
“not do so and so: fools love to be
“thought sensible.—If he is obstinately
“bent on any thing you wish him to
“avoid, tell him Mr. Such an one would
“have done the same, or pretend you
“desire nothing better—and that if
“he follows your advice, which is al-
“ways right, he will do so and so;
“and, my life for it, he does the con-
“trary!”

“But where is the necessity for
“this deceit, when I can avoid the
“man?”

“Will you then accept young Mo-
“bile? He has *generosity*, or he would
“not accept a portionless wife; besides,

“I have

"I have heard he mostly gives double
"to the waiters—another sign of a free
"disposition.—He may probably reform,
"when he has so excellent a wife as my
"Cinthelia will make: besides, my dear,
"reflect that we cannot give you any
"thing, and that, in case of our stop-
"ping payment, you will probably be-
"come the wife of some petty retailer,
"and be doomed to constant poverty
"and a counter."

"Can you urge me? must I be made
"miserable for life?"

"You are then willing," said Mrs.
Hendon, "to see us become beggars;
"you will do nothing to save us from
"ruin."

"O!" cried she, weeping, "can you
"torture me thus—This is worse than
"the severest commands! But do with
"me

"me what you will—I am your daughter, and must obey!"

"You are a good girl—Go and compose yourself—I dare say you will see how to behave, without compulsion or command."

Cinthelia retired to weep and to reason, but neither could give her any consolation; and the behaviour of Edward augmented her despair: instead of interposing to ask her hand, instead of attempting to save her from another, he seemed wholly to have abandoned her to her fate, and tacitly to approve her acceptance of another.

She saw that her parents expected her compliance; and though her father had himself forbore to speak, yet his introduction of Sampton was a sufficient indication of his wishes.—To a generous mind,

mind, there was a greater compulsion in this manner of proceeding, than in actual command; for, however we may be actuated by duty, there is something in the human soul which revolts against authority, especially when it interferes with what appears our inalienable rights; and surely we have no right at all, if it is not in our disposal of our persons in marriage.

Parents may advise, because experience is supposed to have given them skill to distinguish, and because, as our natural guardians, they have this authority; but certainly farther they can have no power.

To determine between Sampton and Mobile was not an easy task, if of necessity she must accept one, from which she saw no reprieve, as the reflection, that she possessed the power of relieving
her

her parents, introduced the fear, that by not doing so she should be a guilty accomplice. This reasoning was certainly erroneous; for there are duties we owe to ourselves, which supersede every other claim; and, if this reasoning were allowed, it would become an act of virtue for a woman to prostitute herself, that the price might relieve her parents from distress.

There is, however, a principle of rectitude, established by education, which is a guide superior to the dictates of argument or moral philosophy:—but one observation should be made; which is, that when we judge of an action, we should look back to the motives, and not forward to the consequences, as an unfortunate issue may follow the most virtuous intentions, and the contrary.

As the mind of Cinthelia wavered,
and

and she trembled to decide, where decision was irrevocable, she determined to delay as long as possible, in hopes that some chance might intervene and save her.

There is, however, a principle of education, which is a guide superior to the dictates of all government or moral philosophy:—but one observation should be made; which is, that when we judge of an action we should look back to the motives, and not forward to the consequences; as an unfortunate ill may follow the most virtuous intentions, and the contrary. Thus, as the mind of Cinthia was wandering, she

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Down, flutt'rer down, and cease to beat,

Nor sense with idle fancy cheat ;

Be still my heart, no more complain,

Thy hopes and fears alike are vain.

FOR several days Sampton became a regular visitor, but familiarity could not set aside his diffidence, or infuse meaning into his discourse, which was insipidly trifling ; and Cinthelia began to think that Harry, with all his faults, was infinitely preferable ; as he had some spirit to give life to the hour, and some sense, which time and her influence might lead to good. — In this conclusion she was not a little confirmed, during a visit made by the former, whom Mrs. Hendon

Hendon left with her after tea, that he might have an opportunity to explain his wishes.

They sat for some time silent; and, as Cinthelia enjoyed his confusion, she made no overtures towards conversation:—At length he made some observations on the weather, declaring he thought the room very warm.—To this she assented.—“I thought though, Miss,” said he, “that the morning was rather cold; that is, that it was colder than it has been.—Didn’t you, Miss?”—“I believe it might,” returned she, biting her under lip.

“You have some mighty pretty pictures, Miss—I am fond of painting.” “You *understand* them, then, I suppose, sir?”—“Why pretty well; that is, I can’t say that I have what you call a knowledge, a perfect discrimination about them.”

“I believe

"I believe," said she, "it requires study?"—"Yes, Miss, you are perfectly right—a great deal of labour."

"Then study and labour are the same thing with you, sir?"

"Nearly, I believe almost quite so, Miss; for I remember when I was quite a youth, and very ignorant, as all youths are, you know, Miss, I used to have terrible work to get off a task; but when we came as far as *ax ye presently*, O, I was done up hollow."

"I believe it," said she, laughing with him, for he seldom said any thing without laughing; and if he thought it good, he would repeat it several times over.

"You never learned latin, Miss, did ye?"—"No, sir."

"Why

“Why you’re as well without it.—I
 “never in my life could find out any
 “meaning it had—all nonsense:—I re-
 “member we used to hear about hic,
 “hæc, hoc, all day, but I never knew
 “who they were; I dare say only put
 “there, like Gog, and Magog in the
 “hall, to frighten boys; so I thought;
 “and I don’t often think wrong.”

Cinthelia now began to be tired of his
 folly, and rising, brought her work-bag
 to the table, in hopes of changing the
 discourse; but now another silence in-
 tervened, as poor Sampton had very
 little invention, and felt rather awkward
 before his mistress, who would have
 pitied his situation, had she known him
 to be a man of feeling; but there ap-
 peared as little emotion in his features
 as meaning in his eyes.

After a pause of considerable length,
 he made some observations on the flowers
 of

of her work-bag; when, luckily for him, the bird happening to chirp, he arose to play with it through the wires, whistling, and crying pretty dick, pretty dick.—Were I a lady, thought she, this thing would do well enough to comb my lap dog, but for an husband, Mobile, rake and wretch as he is, is infinitely preferable.

As if struck with some good thing, Sampton burst out suddenly into a violent laugh, and with as much meaning as he could assume, ran to his seat.—

“Do you know,” said he, “what I was thinking?—I’ll tell you if you guess.”

“You are very good,” replied she, “but I have not the power.”

“Why then I’ll tell you:—I was
“was thinking what a poor kind of life
“dicky leads, always by himself.—
“Now, if he had a wife——.”

“ I don't think he would be any happier, for they might not agree,” said Cinthelia.

“ O, but she would crack his seeds for him; and they would breed, and that would be a very good thing.”

“ Then you think a wife has nothing to do but breed and work.”

“ Why not precisely so; we do not give them wages; and besides, they eat with us, and that I think is a great privilege, and—” — A coal flaring out of the fire, changed the subject of discourse, as quickly as it had been begun, and in this trifling near an hour was passed, when Mrs. Hendon returned, and relieved her daughter.

When he had taken leave, Cinthelia related to her mother the insufferable folly of Sampton, and, after much discourse,

course, prevailed for his dismissal, on the hard terms of receiving Mobile as a lover, though she forbore giving her word, as a positive engagement.

Ranson had seen with an eye of jealousy the reception of Mr. Sampton, and, fearing the frustration of his own designs, if he waited for the effect of insinuation, determined on a *coup de main*, which he believed of certain success.

Unacquainted with the intended dismissal of Sampton, he waited in his own room, till Cinthelia should retire, when, hearing her coming up, he desired to speak with her, and she followed into his room.

“Miss Hendon,” said he, solemnly, taking her hand, and turning the key of the door—“I have something to say, which will not allow intruders!—You

“ see before you, Miss, a criminal who
“ is self-condemned, whose punishment
“ hangs over his head, but which will
“ involve the innocent in the same ruin:
“ my blind madness has drained up
“ every resource, and the creditors
“ threaten every day an execution.—Old
“ Mobile is our principle creditor; and
“ were he to use his interest, the rest
“ would compound.—Your father is a
“ quiet man—he says nothing; but it
“ would kill him, were he confined a
“ month in prison. It is his wish, though
“ he forbears saying so, to owe to his
“ daughter the saving him from a dun-
“ geon, and the shame of a bank-
“ ruptcy!—Can you then refuse life to
“ your father?—can you see your pa-
“ rents plunged into wretchedness, and
“ not hold out the hand of relief?”

“ Enough!” cried she, with mingled
horror and indignation—“ you distract
“ me to madness! But who, sir, has
“ brought

“brought about this—who has wan-
“tonly plunged them from a state of
“affluence, but the man who pretends
“to plead for them?—Sir, I can see
“into your motives;—it is to save
“yourself—it is to enable you to go on
“in a career, as mean as it is vil-
“lainous!”

“Upon my soul!” cried he, kneel-
before her, “in this you wrong me:—
“I plead not for myself—my course is
“at an end.—I am determined on that
“point—But I thought you could not
“refuse to save your parents; and when
“you should have promised me to ac-
“cept Mobile, I should have died sa-
“tisfied!—Yes, Miss, you look amazed;
“I wished to have avoided this—I
“wished not to have shocked you; but
“in this point I must clear myself.—
“There are the pistols! and I have
“vowed not to survive a moment our
“public disgrace—nor at all!—I am
“determined

"determined to die—but first I would
"hear your promise!"

"This," cried she, trembling, "is a
"weak artifice.—Of what avail is my
"promise, if I resolve to marry this
"man? do you think an extorted pro-
"mise is necessary to bind me one way
"or the other?"

"Dear Miss Hendon!" cried he,
catching her hand, "will you then?—
"Only say you will marry him; that
"you will save your parents, that you
"will listen to them and to me; even
"my son unites to entreat you!"

"Your son!" repeated Cinthelia,
turning pale, and bursting into tears:
"does he wish it?"

"Yes," cried Ranson, "I solemnly
"swear he desires nothing more:—he
"has told me that he loves you, but
"that

“ that he will set aside himself, in expectation that you will relieve your parents.—Will you then ?”

“ I cannot ; I must speak to my father.”

“ No,” cried he, “ no :—You already know how much he desires it—I know that to-morrow we must stop payment — and this night, this very night——.”

“ What then !” cried she, distressed, and turning a fearful eye to the table where lay a brace of pistols.

“ Yes,” cried he, rising, “ you are right.—It must be—I cannot, will not live in this agony !—You shall pronounce my fate—you must tell me when I am to die !”

“ Horrid !” cried she ; “ let me go—

“ I cannot stay to hear this—I will call
“ for assistance !”

“ Go,” cried he, pushing her towards the door, “ go and proclaim to the
“ world, that I am blasted! Yet hold!”
pulling her back—“ hear me a moment,
“ I see you think I am trifling; but I
“ will convince you,” taking one of the
pistols.

“ Forbear!” screamed she—“ Will
“ nobody come!”—“ Silence!” cried
he, imperiously—“ One moment I give
“ you—promise, or by heaven! ——.”
She caught hold on his arm, as he raised
the pistol to his head, but, struggling, he
pulled the trigger, and it flashed in the
pan.

“ D—n it!” cried he, throwing it
from him, and seizing the other, “ even
“ death shuns me in distress!”—“ O
“ stay!” cried Cinthelia, cruelly agi-
tated,

tated, and convinced he was not now trifling—"O stay! do not make me witness of so horrid an act."—"You promise, then?"

"I, I do," stammered she—"O! why this is cruel!" She sunk down on a chair, gasping for breath.—"You have relieved me," said he, kneeling down before her—"O, Cinthelia! my soul is torn by a thousand tumults! I am unable to thank you. But I have yet one favour to ask, which alone can render this of value.—(She was silent.)—For my sake, and your own, do not mention this transaction: take upon yourself the merit of saving your parents—I will dissolve the partnership, that it may no more be subject to my folly; and may you and Mobile be happy. But do you promise secrecy?"

"After what has passed," said she,
"this

"this is insignificant. Let me go, I
 "beg—my head is giddy—I am very
 "faint."

"You shall take a glass of wine,"
 said he, going to fetch one from the cup-
 board—"I protest, upon my honour,
 "I had no intention to frighten you;
 "but I was beside myself, and not my
 "own master."

Cinthelia made no reply; she hurried
 to her own room, so confused, that she
 could form no distinct reflection; her
 temples beat violently, a shooting pain
 crossed the back of her head, and she
 cast herself on the bed in an agony of
 despair, which, when reflection returned,
 made her fancy herself doomed to misery,
 in being the wife of one she did not
 love, in being linked, through life, to
 one she comparatively detested: so high
 was the picture she drew of her misery,
 that the thoughts of saving her parents
 sunk

funk before her.—The violence of Ran-son now, when at a distance, seemed only a subterfuge, and she almost wished she had allowed him to pull the trigger of the second, which she now believed, like the other, was unloaded.”

Against Edward she could not forbear murmuring reproaches, who, she thought, at least, might have bade her farewell; and discontented with herself, with the world, and with life, she spent the night in disturbed and heart-rending reflection, till the day dawned through the window. She arose, but her eyes were heavy, and her head confused; the colour, in so short a space, had wholly forsaken her cheeks, and with a slow step she descended the breakfast room.—Her parents were alarmed at the ravages one night's discomposure had made in the health of their beautiful daughter.

“Come,” cried Mr. Hendon, holding out

out to her his hand, “ come, my darling, to the arms of your father :
“ never shall my Cinthelia be forced
“ into compliance:—though fifty Mobile’s offered, I would discard them all.
“ What is the world’s opinion to me—
“ what is even property, compared
“ with the loss of my darling!”

Cinthelia wept to sobbing on the bosom of her father, whose looks were nearly as pale as her own :—she reflected, in that moment, that till now her *duty* had never been tried, when the trial was painful; and shall I, thought she, shrink back from the test.—Have I not given my promise, forced and extorted as it was; but could I see my father and mother, the prey of sickness and want—could I see the one linger, perhaps in a prison, and the other repine in a lodging, and not sacrifice myself for them—And what after all is marriage!—Should I be happy with Edward?—No: the world
does

does not contain that phantom, and I may as well be miserable one way as another.

Such were the reasonings of Cinthelia, as she leaned her head upon her father; and no longer hesitating, when hesitation reduced the value of the action she had resolved to perform, she assumed courage to say, That, though Mobile was not to her choice altogether, yet she believed him preferable to many; and she doubted not but time would bring her to look upon him with affection; that her rest had been disturbed by some frightful dreams, but a little quietness would restore her.

Mr. Hendon saw the generosity of the excuse, and trusting to the fickle nature of woman, and his natural disposition, which dreaded to encounter difficulty, he kissed her in silence, and with a sigh began his breakfast.

Her

Her attention to Mobile now became more marked, as she began to consider him as the man who must receive her hand.

As it was impossible he should be ignorant of her dislike, and as by perseverance he had actually imbibed a considerable portion of love, for Cinthelia was not an object any man could approach with indifference, he bestowed no small pains in consulting her taste, and endeavouring to conform to many of her opinions.—In company with his sister he endeavoured to amuse her, by conducting her to public places; but nothing could remove the secret wound which preyed upon her heart, and spread its influence in paleness over her countenance.

Mrs. Hendon was surprised as much as her daughter at the total disappearance of Edward, who never called, even to inquire

inquire their health; and as he had not made to them any overtures, such as she had expected, and once desired, she fancied him wholly indifferent to her daughter, and that the charms of Patience had entirely engrossed his attention.

But Edward, during these transactions, was far from feeling that tranquillity the Hendons supposed;—his whole soul was agonized with doubt and hesitation, and he was often tempted to demand the hand of his adored Cinthelia, in despite of the maxims of Prudence. To his father he was more explicit; he represented to him, that Harry Mobile was a libertine in every point of view, and therefore in every point unfit for Cinthelia:—"Yet," said he, "on this man you are driving her, by accumulating obligations; and how, even then, can they be satisfied with honour.—The sale of your partner's daughter, pardon

" don

“don me for speaking harshly, will
“never establish your credit!”

“What signifies that,” cried he;—
“what the devil is credit to me! but I
“suppose you wish you had bought her
“yourself—you have 500 left.”

A hint like this called the colour into the cheeks of Edward:—he would have replied with acrimony, had surprise allowed him to reply at all; but, turning away in silence, he retired to lament and to plan, without intention or means to promote a design.

As Cinthelia now saw all chance of their union for ever set aside, she endeavoured to erase his remembrance from her mind, and to fix her thoughts upon Mobile, whose attentions inspired her with the hope, that he might become such as she wished.

The

The ring which Edward had given her frequently drew a sigh from her heart, which her rectitude of principles condemned; and judging rightly, that a woman of modesty and honour would never retain any memorial of love, which might excite reflections inconsistent with her other engagements, much as she valued the present, she determined on returning it to its right owner.

She debated long with herself, before she could consent to the sacrifice; it was a memorial far different from letters, which, to retain in such circumstances, is the highest degree of imprudence and folly, and which no woman of sentiment or sense will be guilty of, as it gives the lover a tacit acknowledgment, that her inclinations are secretly attached to him; and what must be the feelings of a husband to find the letters of another

another treasured by his wife: it may be, not from the motives he suspects, but from vanity, to preserve undeniable proofs of her power of conquest; but even though this may be the motive, innocent as it may seem, yet it exhibits a weakness of character, which will disgust a man of sense.

Indeed a woman cannot be too strict on this point, as a trifle, apparently insignificant, may kindle the flame of jealousy, that shall consume every conjugal satisfaction, and destroy the pleasure of confidence; or it may furnish to the captious man a subject of reproach, and matter for contention.

These reasons arose to the good sense of Cinthelia; and though the same objections did not exactly apply to the ring, yet, as she considered it a pledge of love, she could not, consistent with
her

her own sense of propriety, retain it; when herself, and all her thoughts, should belong to another,

Having thus concluded to part from the trinket, she made it up into a small parcel; but when she came to write her reasons for such a proceeding, she found the task impossible.—He will, however, thought she, see what is my intention, and if he indeed values me, he will attempt my release, and will not hereafter have the excuse of ignorance: but, alas! he is, like me, the victim of his father's profligacy, and knows not how gladly I would, for his sake, lay down every ornament, every comfort of wealth, and live within the bounds of his salary!—

“Go,” cried she, wiping away a glistening tear, and kissing the inanimate bauble, “go to your master, and convince him, that my heart is his—that I am not frightened at poverty, but that I can descend to any station of life;

“life; but —.” — There she stopped, checked in her wild folly by the remembrance of her parents and her promise; her thoughts became confused, and weeping, she sealed the packet.

The return of this token smote the heart of Edward as a dagger; he saw the purpose—he arose to fly, and claim her in defiance of every difficulty, when he was stopped by the entrance of his father, whose errand will hereafter appear.

A party had been proposed to Clapham, by young Mobile, for the ensuing Sunday, which Cinthelia would gladly have avoided, that she might attend her devotions, and strengthen her wavering mind; but, as she was pressed in a particular manner, she consented, though she had little doubt he intended to renew his intreaties for her acceptance; and with a heavy heart she proposed no longer

longer to delay, what delay served only to render more dreaded.

On the evening preceding, Mr. Ranson came home very early, and visibly confused; he observed Cinthelia trimming a cap for the next day—and for a moment he gazed upon her with an air of sadness:—"You are going on a pleasant excursion to-morrow," said he.—"Yes," she replied, without looking up:—"Are you to be of the party?"

"I! no; I am not worthy to enter your company—No, Miss Hendon; I'm a d—d profligate, unthinking villain!"

Cinthelia was surprised, but she could not reply.

"It is now," said he, "too late to ask your pardon—The mischief is done—But I shall set off to-morrow."

"To

“To where!” said she, fearing he meant more than he expressed. “Sure you will do nothing rashly.”

“Then,” returned he, “I shall cease to act as I have done. My life has, for some years, been a continuation of one madness after another: I have ruined my son—I have ruined you—I have ruined your parents—and repentance is now too late! But think of this, when I am no longer here—that my soul is now torn with the pangs of contrition, and that I should rejoice to lay down my life, at this moment, could my life make reparation. — Your forgiveness, sweetest angel! I ask not.”

“You, you,” sobbed the agitated girl, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, “are forgiven, I hope.”

“Hope,” cried he, “hope is not for me—

“ me—I am a vile wretch, without a
“ dawn of hope! Adieu! You are too
“ good—you are an angel!” Then,
without waiting a reply, he pressed her
hand to his lips, and, seizing his hat,
rushed out of the room, and quitted the
house.

She screamed aloud for her father to
pursue and stop him; but he was already
gone; and she sunk down, overcome
with the most alarming apprehensions:
she knew not whether despair or intoxica-
tion had dictated his actions, but either
might end in some deed of rashness she
shuddered to think on; and the fright
she had formerly received returned with
so much horror on her spirits, that she
sickened almost to fainting.

Mr. Hendon, who suspected he might
pay his son a similar visit, left Cinthelia
to the care of her mother, while he hast-
ened to the Quaker's.

Here,

Here; however, he learnt that he had not called since the preceding evening, when he had been some time in discourse with his son, whom he had left plunged in melancholy; and the good Quaker expressed his fear, that he had found means to procure the remaining five hundred pounds. Edward was not within, and Mr. Hendon returned without further intelligence.—In fear every moment of hearing that some accident had taken place, they sat up together the fore part of the night; but Mrs. Hendon at length retired, leaving her husband and daughter to wait his return.

Hour after hour passed away, and every coach that drew near they expected was his; but expectation was sunk in disappointment—the day broke upon them without tidings, and Cinthelia, wholly worn out with apprehension, want of rest, and her own more immediate reflections, retired to her chamber.

Early

Early in the morning Harry Mobile, with two or three of the party, drove up in a coach, exciting a momentary hope that Ranson was returned; for, notwithstanding all his follies, Mr. Hendon still preserved for him the remains of a friendship, which could only have been shaken by his imprudent behaviour.

Mr. Hendon related their alarm at the absence of his partner, and the impossibility of Cinthelia's being able to attend them, to the no little disappointment of Harry, who ventured to give vent to his natural impatience, by heaping curses on the head of Ranson, who, he said, had borrowed 50*l.* of him on Saturday, giving him a note, to be settled when he married Cinthelia, as he wanted that sum for an immediate journey.

Satisfied that whatever detained Mr. Ranson, it was through his own premeditation, and less alarmed at his abrupt departure,

departure, the circumstance of his having provided for his necessities taking away the apprehension of his having prescribed a period to his own existence.

The company, who were thus disappointed, took a sullen kind of leave, proposing, however, to call for Cinthelia in the afternoon, as they should change their excursion to Clapham into a walk to Kensington gardens:

END OF VOL. I.